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G. MONTBARD.

WRECK OF THE "DRUMMOND CASTLE": SCENE AT THE CHURCHYARD, USHANT.



## OUR NOTE BOOK

BY JAMES PAYN.

Whether Master Curtis makes his mark as a British poet or not, he has "grasped the skirts of happy chance," or, rather, has had them put in his hands. It is, no doubt, a fine thing for him, and one which reflects credit upon his unknown patron, that he has been relieved from the stress and strain of mechanical work, and been placed in more congenial circumstances; that his education is provided for; above all, that he has been rescued from that too early exploitation by enterprising publishers which would probably have been his fate. But those who speak of the matter as indicative of the philanthropic tendencies of the age, and a proof how eager it is to welcome budding talent, are doing wrong to our ancestors. The literary public of old was far smaller, but not less enthusiastic, while the number of patrons of literature was certainly not less than at present. Nor, notwithstanding the modern advantages of education, was the arrival of genius from the humbler classes a rarer event. Indeed, it was more common, and that in all branches of letters. Burns and Cobbett, and Paine and Porson, for example, all sprang from "the masses," or, as they were in those days contemptuously termed, "them asses." Whether it was to their own advantage as regards happiness that they ever emerged from their humble position may be disputed, but it seems no less in accordance with common sense than sentiment that young persons of exceptional intelligence, and especially of imagination, should be put in a position to exercise it. It is the theory, in fact, of our University system applied to the individual, but with a better chance of success. The boy poet is to be allowed at large, without either a classical or mathematical muzzle.

After all, whether the rough or the smooth is better for us depends on the individual. Some can not only "breast the blows of circumstance" without assistance, but become the stronger from the combat: the spur of poverty is an incentive to them; others (and these have the present writer's entire sympathy) can do nothing in the writing way unless they are tolerably comfortable. Just as Dr. Johnson thought there was no picturesque spot on the globe which would not be better appreciated if there was a good inn in the neighbourhood, so these good folks do their best work under conditions that are agreeable to them; narrow circumstances, the having to "look twice" at a shilling before they part with it, seem to paralyse their energies; the means obstruct the end. It is like composing with a typewriter: some can do it, others find it as much as they can do to spell with it: their minds are entirely occupied with the working of the machine. Of all professions, indeed, I suppose that of the author differs the most as regards the manner in which his calling is pursued: some are indifferent to the social and financial conditions under which they work, others are almost entirely dependent on them; while no law can be laid down (though we are often told the contrary) as to their methods of composition. Some write best who sit down, like the steward in the parable, and write quickly: the longer they hang over their work the duller and less vivacious it becomes; others, again, painfully and carefully rewrite their compositions, and in every version find improvement. Lastly, and most strange to say, some can do no good work the subject of which is not presented to them by others; while some, again, are only at their best when the leading idea has occurred to them without outside suggestion.

No doubt before these lines are read some public subscription will have been raised for the good folks of the isle of Molène, in recognition of the kindness and generosity they have shown to our ill-fated countrymen, whether dead or living. No nobler record of Christian charity is to be found in the annals of shipwreck. They have already been told, and with truth, by the Queen's direction, that all England is thankful to them, and we should not be slow to prove it. There seems to have been no limit to the self-sacrifice and liberality of these poor people, whose conduct and calling remind us of those of the same profession—fishermen—who were the disciples of our Lord. Were they always such as they are now, one wonders? or is it possible that they were, not a century since, like too many of our sea-coast population, to whom wrecks were a source of livelihood, and the victims of the seas mere objects of plunder? An occurrence of this kind should tend more towards friendship between France and England than all the efforts of diplomacy or the civilising influences of commerce. If amicable international relations are thus established, it will not be in vain that two hundred and forty of our countrymen have perished with such awful suddenness; for once, at least, we shall be able to recognise the good that comes out of evil, and find the solution of one "riddle of the painful earth."

The returns of income-tax (Schedule D) on trades and professions are less extensive than peculiar. It seems there are little more than 35,000 persons who earn from £300 to £400 a year; that only 17,000 earn from £400 to £500; and under 9000 who earn from £500 to £600. If these returns can be relied on, how grossly exaggerated must be the professional incomes we hear of every day made by undistinguished persons! On the other hand, it

surprises one to read that even so many as fifty-five persons make £50,000 a year, though these must be, one imagines, wholly in trade; no professional income probably reaches that sum. As to the £500 a year which folks talk of so glibly as being within the reach of every professional man, it requires more getting than those who derive their means from investments (*i.e.*, old ones) have any idea of. I have never entertained such sanguine notions as are common among my friends on this matter, but still, that only 9000 persons can compass this sum by trade and professions is a far worse account than one would have expected. Without making any reflection upon the public conscience, this result gives the impression that some incomes are made to suit the tax, just as, according to Charles Lamb, the supply of turnips depends upon the boiled legs of mutton.

Parrots, I read, have been introduced at the railway stations in Germany, and trained to call out the names when the train arrives, to save passengers the trouble of making inquiries. This plan strikes one as admirable as it is ingenious. The whole space on the station walls may thus be given up to advertisements without the risk, as at present, of obscuring the name of one's destination. Moreover, the porters will be freed from a malady said to grow upon them after many years' service, caused by the constant repetition of the same word: they are apt, in social life, to use it as a reply to any question, however alien from it, that is put to them. Everyone will recollect the case of the Slough porter when the G.W.R. was in its infancy, who, when asked in church what name should be given to his offspring, replied without a moment's hesitation, in the shibboleth of the platform, "Slough and Windsor, Windsor only." That the parrots will be taught their duties I do not doubt, from the intelligence manifested by my own Joey; but my fear is that they may, like him, display too much zeal. Not content with acquiring information he supplements it with remarks of his own as the irrepressible actor indulges in "gag." "*Slough, Slough* (Come along, stupid); *Slough, Slough* (Sharp's the word, the soup is getting cold); *Slough, Slough* (Oh for a bradawl!)" While if anybody slipped on the platform, I am certain he would cry "Down he goes!" with a laugh of exultation belonging exclusively to parrots and demons.

I hear persons who plume themselves on their culture say that a few good books are sufficient for them; they thank Heaven that they can read their old favourites again and again, and that they seem ever fresh. This is a very noble position to occupy from a literary point of view, no doubt; but if what they say is true, they must read these immortal works without much attention, or else have very short memories. For my part, I am sorry to say that when I have read a book, be it ever so good a one, half-a-dozen times or so, I begin to remember it; when I want to read, I prefer some book which may not be so good, but of which I have a less distinct recollection. It is a great misfortune to be thus uncultured—though it is not one's own fault one is born so—since, when we are laid on the shelf by indisposition, it is difficult to find something to read. Those excellent persons the reviewers are not always to be trusted, or their tastes may differ from our own, and what they have praised to the skies we find sometimes of a less celestial character. The man in health has no such troubles. When time is heavy on hand, he has a hundred ways of accelerating it besides reading; but the sick man has no alternative. His eye glances along the bookcase and beholds nothing of which he is not weary; he resembles the bee that has exhausted the contents of a garden, and is disgusted to find on inspection that he has visited every flower already. The books, however, that have come from the library he has found unreadable, and there is nothing for it but to return to his old friends. I have been doing this of late of necessity as regards those shelves which contain what the cultured person calls "light literature." From the novels of Walter Scott I took down one of the least familiar to me, "*St. Ronan's Well*." Dear me, how dull it is! Except Meg Dodds, how wearisome are the characters! The people at the Wells remind one of Smollett's people, but without their high spirits. To think that the same hand could have written "*Rob Roy*" and also this book is amazing. There was not the excuse for it which is readily accepted for "*Count Robert*"; the only explanation seems to be that the subject was not suitable to Scott's genius—a lesson as to selection which should be laid to heart by every novelist. What added to my melancholy was that I knew it was going to be dull: that is the great evil of a classic. When a novel is new there is a hope, though it may be a very little one. I have some excellent friends who admire "*St. Ronan's Well*," but then they are not compelled, as I was, to read it. There are no folks who do Scott's reputation so much harm as those who talk of "Scott's novels" as if they were one great work, and not a series of very various merit.

The cost of the Czar's coronation has probably exceeded that of any similar ceremony either in ancient or modern times. The prices given for seats sound fabulous. It is curious, since there was little else than shows and ceremonies to attract our forefathers, how small were the sums they paid for "a good place" at a coronation. If Stowe,

Speed, and other antiquaries are to be believed, only half a farthing—which, even allowing for the different value of money in those days, cannot be called extravagant—was paid for a seat (probably in some window commanding the procession) when Edward I. came to the throne. In Edward the Second's day it rose to a farthing, and in Edward the Third's to a halfpenny; in Edward the Fourth's to half a groat, or twopence. At Queen Elizabeth's succession it was a tester (sixpence), at Charles the First's a shilling, and at Queen Anne's a crown. At George the Third's coronation the price of seats rose to an amazing height; "probably," says the annalist, "from the reflection how unlikely it was that any of the spectators would see another." The tariff was sometimes ten guineas a seat; and in one instance, at all events, we read of a gentleman who paid no less than one hundred and fifty guineas for a room for his lady. Moreover, as she was in an interesting condition, and it was impossible to put off the coronation to suit it, he had to have an adjoining apartment, with a nurse and physician in attendance, in case of the "flurry of the day" being too much for her. There must have been good husbands, in spite of much evidence to the contrary, when George the Third was King.

In the various estimations and eulogies of Louis Stevenson's works it is curious to observe how little is made or said of that which, though brief, is the most separate and remarkable of them all—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." That it has made a deep impression upon the public mind is, nevertheless, certain. The two great proofs of the popularity and also of the truth to nature of a novel are (1) the facility with which its characters are called to mind—a circumstance which never occurs in inferior works, and only seldom even in great ones. Sam Weller, Mr. Micawber, Colonel Newcome, Major Pendennis, and Mrs. Proudie, for example, are better known to us than most of our living acquaintances; but outside the creations of these three authors it is strange how very few have become household words to us. Even in so fine a romance as "*Lorna Doone*," neither she nor John Rudd occur to us with the same promptness. (2) The second test is quotation. Here Dickens is easily first. I am only speaking of comparatively recent writers, but even Shakspeare is scarcely superior to him in this respect. Persons who talk of the fading popularity of Dickens and of its approaching decease must also expect the extinction of English as a colloquial language. The names of Spenlow and Jorkins, of Short and Codlin, are probably better known than those of any existing firms; and next to them may be reckoned the partnership of Jekyll and Hyde. In the latest edition of it, in which some fables of Stevenson also appear, it is called, I suppose for the sake of conformity, a fable, but it is, in fact, a moral lesson of far deeper kind than is conveyed by that form of literature. As to the manner of it, not even Lefanu has rivalled its weird and ghastly power, a something altogether differing from what in inferior writers is called "sensation." I remember reading it for the first time at night, in a four-wheeled cab, by the light of a reading-lamp, and feeling quite exasperated with the driver for having brought me to my journey's end before I had finished it. Yet almost beyond the marvellous attraction of the story itself are the reflections of Dr. Jekyll in the "statement of the case" at its conclusion. It seems to me to dip far deeper into the human mind than the efforts the professional psychologists have made in that direction. It will be a satisfaction to many persons to have now got the book in a permanent and agreeable form.

The fables with which this remarkable story is bound up can hardly fail to suffer by such companionship, since it necessarily suggests comparison; still they have something of the Stevenson flavour to make them welcome to all who like the brand. The long ones are inferior to the short ones, and trench upon allegory, the effect of which, we have it upon good authority, is "to make one's head ache." But some of the latter are full of point as well as humour—

## THE SICK MAN AND THE FIREMAN.

There was once a sick man in a burning house, to whom there entered a fireman.

"Do not save me," said the sick man; "save those who are strong."

"Will you kindly tell me why?" inquired the fireman, for he was a civil fellow.

"Nothing could be fairer," said the sick man. "The strong should be preferred in all cases, because they are of more service in the world."

The fireman pondered a while, for he was a man of some philosophy.

"Granted," said he at last, as a part of the roof fell in; "but for the sake of conversation, what would you lay down as the proper service of the strong?"

"Nothing can possibly be easier," returned the sick man; "the proper service of the strong is to help the weak."

Again the fireman reflected, for there was nothing fastidious about this excellent creature. "I could forgive your being sick," he said at last, as a portion of the wall fell out; "but I cannot bear your being such a fool." And with that he heaved up his fireman's axe—for he was eminently just—and clove the sick man to the bed.

The moral of these fables can be read by those who run, if they have only a mind to do so. This will not, however, always be the case. "The Devil and the Innkeeper" will be looked upon askance by the mealy-mouthed humanitarian, and I am not sure that "The Penitent" will have the entire approbation of the theologian.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The death of my dear old friend Augustus Harris will be felt everywhere in the world of amusement, but I fear very severely by the thousands in his employ. It should not be forgotten that this energetic and versatile man was a very large employer of labour. With the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, Olympia, and other London and provincial speculations all in full swing, he not only worked for the public, but gave employment to countless artisans and supernumeraries. I remember well his indignation and disgust when he was curtly informed recently by two or three London managers that they had met together and decided to close their theatres on an occasion of national mourning, although no orders to that effect had been issued from the Lord Chamberlain's office. I was at his side when he received this missive coolly recommending him to follow their example, without in any way consulting the largest employer of theatrical labour. He tore up the letter into a dozen pieces. "Tell my friends," said he, "that I do not intend, on my own motion, to put thousands of men and women out of work even for a night. I have no right to do so. I am positive that her Gracious Majesty would be the last person to desire any such thing, or to receive a compliment of loyalty at the expense of hard-worked and needy breadwinners. If these gentlemen choose to close their theatres let them do so, and I only hope that they will be considerate enough to pay salaries out of their own pockets. I refuse to do anything of the kind, and what is more, I could not afford to do so." It was this kindly consideration for everyone in his employment that endeared him to all on his salary list, and made him so widely popular. It will be very difficult indeed to find his successor. His great value, apart from his enviable talent as an organiser and commanding officer, was that he inspired confidence all round. His brother authors had faith in his tact and judgment; his brother actors and actresses were never so happy as when he was on the stage directing their efforts; and the public got to know that whatever Augustus Harris put before them was sure to be the first class of its kind. If it were pantomime, it would be the best and most gorgeous pantomime possible; if it were melodrama, it was certain to contain some effect never seen before; if it were opera, the best possible artists were certain to be engaged; if it were a variety show, the public was certain to have a good run for their money. I always admired him for refusing to join in the managerial clique that protested against variety and smoking theatres as a degradation to art. He took the exactly opposite line. He firmly believed that whatever was worth doing was worth doing well, and he catered as handsomely for the man or woman who could only afford to spend a shilling as for the wealthy who did not mind paying a guinea for a stall. And he was essentially a warm-hearted and generous man. He hated to give pain. Notwithstanding the incessant worry of his life, he had a singularly even temper. He was indignant at injustice, but never violent or angry, and to give pleasure to all around him seemed the aim and object of his brief but busy life. Well indeed does this kindly creature deserve that "long, long rest" for which he pathetically prayed before he closed his eyes for ever in this world.

The good old "School for Scandal" is one of the few plays of which one never wearies. The plot is ever fresh, the characters ever new, and the dialogue delightful whenever it is heard. The opportunity of seeing this famous play, as now represented at the Lyceum by Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mr. F. Harrison, should certainly not be missed. One of the third generation of Farrens is playing Sir Peter Teazle. The play has scarcely ever been without a Farren in the caste. Originally Careless was played by the grandfather of the present William Farren, who, in turn, became a very celebrated Sir Peter; then came the present William Farren's father, celebrated as Sir Peter, Lord Ogleby, the Vicar of Wakefield; and now the old comedy mantle has fallen on William Farren the younger, as he used to be called. Samuel Phelps was dry and humorous, forcible and excellent in his way, but the good old Farren tradition is presented to us by the present Sir Peter, who plays the part better now than he has ever done before. At one time there was a lack of the pathetic stop. This has now been supplied. Of course Sir Peter should in no scene of the play be maudlin and sentimental; but William Farren shows clearly that the old man, crusty old bachelor as he was, had a tender spot in his heart. Well, this is certainly the best Sir Peter I have ever seen. He makes me understand what old comedy was and what eighteenth-century manners were in the times gone by. But how about Lady Teazle? Somebody whispers in my ear, "Who is the best Lady Teazle you have ever seen?" I look at my picture of Mrs. Abingdon by Sir Joshua—the famous picture of Mrs. Abingdon sitting in the old Chippendale chair with a pet dog grinning through the bars—and I think to myself that she must have been made for Lady Teazle. This is the very laughing eye, this is the inimitable comedy face, not unlike the face of Mrs. Bancroft, the best comedy actress of our time, whose Lady Teazle I vote for, with Mrs. Bernard Beere a good *proxime accessit*. A strange coupling, you will say, considering the styles of the two actresses. Still, they were both Lady Teazles with a strong sense of humour, and a Lady Teazle destitute of humour is as flat as a Falstaff without that desirable

quality. I am not old enough to remember Helen Faucit in her prime, though I have seen Lady Martin play Lady Teazle; but the Lady Teazle of Adelaide Neilson, of Ada Cavendish, and others must yield to Mrs. Bancroft. And how about Charles? Well, I have two who, I think, must be bracketed equal. They are Coghlan and Charles Wyndham. The best Joseph Surface—unquestionable John Clayton. The best Sir Benjamin Backbite—Mr. Lin Rayne, who was born for the part. The best Sir Oliver—notwithstanding old Addison—I think Mr. H. H. Vincent, who played the part so admirably on a recent afternoon for the Wyndham Celebration. I doubt if anyone has seen a better Mrs. Candour than Rose Leclercq, save, perhaps, in Mrs. Stirling. In certain scenes, notably the quarrel, Mrs. Patrick Campbell is excellent, but I think the performance as a whole is lacking in naturalness and humour. I never could understand Lady Teazle as a weary, disappointed woman. But she may have been for aught I know.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## STATUE OF THE QUEEN.

Amid many demonstrations of loyalty, and in the presence of the chief civic dignitaries of the ancient City of London, the new statue of her Majesty the Queen, upon which

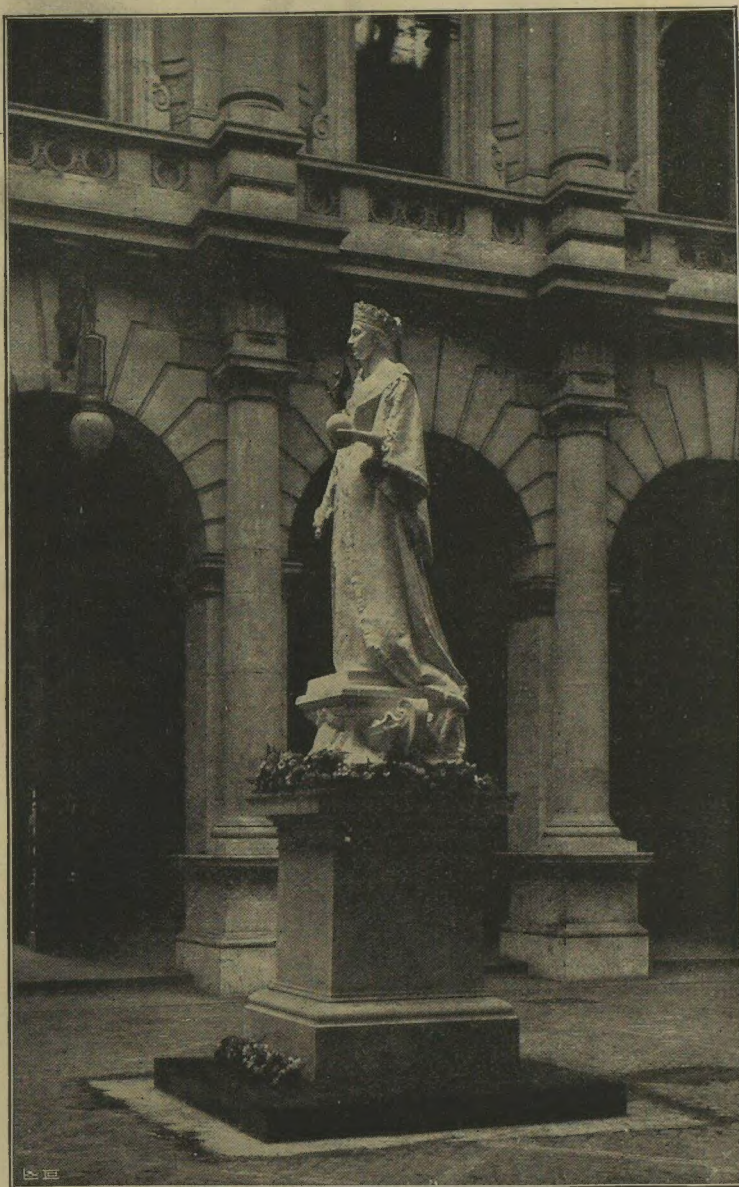


Photo Russel, Baker Street.

STATUE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN BY HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A., AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, UNVEILED JUNE 20.

Mr. Hamo Thornycroft has long been engaged, was unveiled in the Quadrangle of the Royal Exchange on June 20, the fifty-ninth anniversary of her Majesty's accession to the throne. The Mayor and Corporation marched in procession from the Mansion House to the Royal Exchange, the Aldermen and members of the Common Council bearing bouquets, which they placed at the foot of the statue at the conclusion of the ceremony. When a fanfare of trumpets had been sounded, the Master of the Mercers' Company, the Rev. J. M. Sutton, read an address, in which the history of the new statue was set forth. The statue erected on the same spot in 1845 became considerably marred by exposure, and the Gresham Committee, by the advice of the late Lord Leighton, resolved to remove it, and commissioned Mr. Thornycroft to execute a worthier monument, representing the Queen at the date of the opening of the Exchange in 1844. In replying to the address, the Lord Mayor commented upon the growth of the British Empire within the prosperous period of her Majesty's long reign, and testified to the especial loyalty of her subjects in the City of London. The Lord Mayor then unveiled the statue as another fanfare of trumpets was given. As the sound of the trumpets died away the City Police Band struck up the National Anthem, and the ceremony concluded with many lusty cheers.

The new statue, which is fashioned out of pure Carrara marble, is a work of great beauty and dignity. Her

Majesty is represented wearing her crown and Parliamentary robe, together with the Riband and Order of the Garter. In her right hand is the sceptre of empire, and in her left an orb surmounted by a small allegorical figure of "Victory." The immediate basis of the statue, wrought out of the same great block of marble, is flanked by ships' prows, symbolic of the naval glory of Great Britain, and the lower pedestal is of rich black marble. The work has been executed at the joint expense of the Corporation of London and the Mercers' Company.

## THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

The operations in the Anglo-Egyptian military advance up the Nile, under Sir H. Kitchener's command, have been making satisfactory progress. The railway, now seventy-three miles in length, has been completed to Akasheh, and is being continued to six miles beyond Ferket, to which place there is also water communication, in the season of river navigation, for eighty-seven miles. Stores enough for all the troops and garrisons of the forts to the end of July have been brought up to the camps where they are required. The number of troops from India landed at Souakim, under command of Colonel Egerton, is 4341, who will suffice for the advance to Berber. The Mahdists or Dervishes all over the Soudan are in great consternation. In the recent conflicts they lost about two thousand men, with forty of their fighting leaders. The spoils taken at Suarda by the Sirdar's troops included nine large boats, which are likely to be of considerable service for transport purposes, and a great number of fine riding camels, which form a valuable acquisition for the Camel Corps. Altogether, the defeats which the Dervishes sustained at Ferket and Suarda seem to have had a very dispiriting effect upon them. When the news of the first disaster reached the Governor of Dongola, he ordered a general conscription, but the result is not likely to be important, as the people of the district are very generally claiming protection to be afforded by the advancing Anglo-Egyptian force.

## THE MATABILI INSURRECTION.

The condition of affairs in the British South Africa Company's territories has been rendered more distressing and alarming by the unexpected outbreak of a new revolt, with savage massacres of English settlers at unprotected stations in Mashonaland, around Fort Salisbury, Umtali, Fort Charter, and Fort Victoria, over two hundred miles east and north-east of Bulawayo. Judge Vincent, the acting administrator in the absence of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, urgently calls for assistance, having only 250 white men, with a scanty supply of horses, arms, and ammunition, to defend the European colony. In the Mazoe valley and other districts several families have been slaughtered. General Sir F. Carrington, now commanding the forces in Matabililand, is sending all the aid he can spare to Mashonaland, and more troops are being sent up from the regular garrison at Capetown, with volunteers from there, and from Kimberley, and from Natal, some part to be landed at Beira, on the east coast. But the great difficulty is that of transport northward, beyond the railway at Mafeking, to Tati, Bulawayo, and Macloutsie, where the rinderpest has destroyed all the oxen needful for drawing wagons, and the rate of carriage has risen from fifteen shillings per cwt. to six pounds sterling, vast quantities of stores being left and lost on the road. It must be several weeks

before any adequate supply of military material can be collected for an expedition to relieve Mashonaland, and to keep open the road from Bulawayo to Fort Salisbury will also be a difficult task.

## IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THOMAS MOORE.

In the whole of picturesque Ireland there is perhaps no one region more interesting to the lettered mind than the beautiful vale of Glendalough with its adjoining scenes, all closely associated as they are with the Muse of Thomas Moore. Certainly Glendalough is the most charming feature of the well-endowed county of Wicklow, and forms an eminently suitable setting for the many curious legends concerning St. Kevin, the hermit-founder of the primitive seat of learning around which the famous Seven Churches were built by the followers of his pious teaching. The story of the Saint's flight from the temptation of the devoted Kathleen's "eyes of most unholy blue" will be remembered by all Moore's readers, few of whom have not echoed the poet's "Ah, your saints have cruel hearts!" For the holy man might well have converted the love-sick maid from the error of her ways instead of casting her into a watery grave. Of the richly wooded Vale of Avoca, where the Avonbeg and Avonmore join in the unison so delicately pictured in the famous stanzas on "The Meeting of the Waters," it is enough to echo the poet's own words, "There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet."





WRECK OF THE "DRUMMOND CASTLE": A LIGHTHOUSE ON THE BRETON COAST.



## SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

The death of Sir Augustus Harris is the most important event that has occurred in the annals of the English theatre for many a day. He had become a London idol by dint of his wonderful faculty for grasping the demands of the public and meeting them in a large, effective way. But he was far more than that. Druriolanus, as he was called—and the epithet was bestowed in no spirit of burlesque—had in him all the qualities which, under other circumstances, made a Napoleon—first, a mind full of ideas and aspirations, and then a wonderful energy, which carried out his purposes to the standard he had created for himself. He had loyal colleagues, of course, but therein lay one of the secrets of his power—the will to govern and the power to attract men around him with that magnetic faculty which only a mind of this type possesses. He started life well endowed for the task that he marked out for himself. The son of Augustus Harris, who had been connected with the stage all his life—more particularly opera—he was born in Paris only forty-four years ago. He learned French as a child, and German in Hanover as a lad, and he received a business training which fitted him well to conduct a great financial enterprise. But the theatre was in his blood. Accordingly he took to the stage, making his first appearance in Manchester in 1873. For six years he was a mere mummer, but his was not the spirit to be confined to so narrow a sphere of activity. In 1879 Drury Lane Theatre was in want of a lessee. It was not a very inviting field for anybody to enter, but that did not deter the young man of twenty-seven, with absolutely no capital, from starting his task as a manager, which he did with the production of "The World." His career as a great public entertainer of the most many-sided character is confined to the seventeen years that have elapsed since then. Practically, it began with the production of a series of showy melodramas at the Lane, most of them inspired by himself, which put him in the very front rank of stage-managers. But that was not the limit of his ambition. He was impressed with the great idea of making the first capital in the world the home of the best music. Italian opera had spelt ruin to many an entrepreneur, but that discouraged Sir Augustus no more than the disastrousness of Drury Lane. He started opera in the Jubilee year. It was a daring thing to do, but he knew the whole art of the impresario to



Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

THE LATE SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

his finger-tips. Slowly but surely the great scheme which he inaugurated nine years ago has grown and made advances year by year in point of artistic merit and of financial success, until during the present season he has gathered round him the finest combination of musical artists that has perhaps ever been seen. The creation of spectacular melodrama and the revival of opera in England are the two master facts of his career, but they form only a fraction of his restless activity. He had himself spread out

was practically the finishing stroke, and he never recovered the attack which laid him low, finally succumbing on the evening of June 22. It seems too much to hope to replace him. One may find a greater artist, one may find a greater musician, one may find a greater financier, but what one does not find—except at rare intervals—is a combination of these qualities, which made Sir Augustus Harris probably the greatest caterer of theatrical amusement that England has ever seen.

in every direction, and when he died he was in the height of his most successful opera season; he was managing the wonderful fête at Olympia; he was on the eve of producing a comic opera at the Avenue Theatre, and of reviving "Romeo and Juliet," at Drury Lane—to say nothing of the melodrama which he had in hand for his autumn season, the pantomime which was to follow, his theatres in the provinces, and his companies on tour. His death is all the sadder that it occurred just when he was beginning to attain the realisation of his great ambition. His nine years' experience and outlay in regard to the opera were only the foundation of the great structure which he hoped to rear, for his other enterprises had come to assume in his eyes the aspects of side-shows, the opera claiming his first devotion. At Drury Lane itself his methods had mellowed, and the productions there had gradually been growing less showy. This was most marked in the pantomime, for last year he staged an entertainment which was infinitely more artistic, more coherent, and less reminiscent of the music-hall than any pantomime he had ever produced. His interest in music, also, had caused him to take under survey comic opera itself. He began his municipal career as a member of the first London County Council. In due course he became a Sheriff and Deputy-Lieutenant of the city. In 1891 he received the honour of knighthood, and decorations had come to him from foreign Powers. When one remembers that all this and the preparation for it had been crammed into a life of forty-four years, one cannot wonder that such herculean operations told heavily on his constitution. True, he had wonderful recuperative powers: he could, for instance, take a nap anyhow and anywhere; but there is a point where that sort of thing becomes impossible, and Sir Augustus had overleaped the limits of his endurance. His trip to Folkestone, where he had gone down to consider his autumn melodrama,



VEILED FANCIES.—BY N. PRESCOTT DAVIES.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Christian, has returned from Balmoral to Windsor, leaving her residence in Scotland on Tuesday afternoon and arriving at Windsor next morning.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Duke and Duchess of York were present on Monday evening at a State Concert at Buckingham Palace. On Saturday the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York drove from Silwood Park, Sunninghill, to Windsor, to see the cricket-match between the club "I Zingari" and the 1st Life Guards. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards joined the Princess of Wales and her daughters in a picnic at Virginia Water.

A Cabinet Council of Ministers was held at the Foreign Office on Saturday, and another on Monday.

The Marquis of Salisbury, on June 18, received a deputation in favour of arbitration to settle all disputes between the Government of Great Britain and that of the United States.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, spoke on June 17 at a Mansion House dinner of merchants and bankers of the City of London. On the same day,

of Messrs. Newton, Chambers and Co. (Limited), of Sheffield, contribute a variety of useful articles in the way of cooking-ranges, heating apparatus, boilers, garden-rollers, and iron outdoor furniture desirable for country houses, if not so necessary to farmers. Messrs. Sutton, of Reading, and Carter, of London, exhibit their choice seeds and noble grasses, while flowers and fruits make up a still more delightful spectacle in the show-grounds at Leicester.

A fire at an oil-shop in Mare Street, Hackney, on June 17, caused the loss of four lives—those of a boy killed by jumping out of a window, and three children suffocated in their beds.

Major Arthur Griffiths has been appointed to represent England at the International Congress of Criminal Anthropology to be held at Geneva in August. Major Griffiths is a high authority on crime, and his experiences in the inspection of prisons have been turned to pretty account in fiction.

A farewell address, with a portrait of his eldest son, was presented to Lord Dufferin, the British Ambassador, on Monday, his seventieth birthday, by the English residents in Paris.

On June 18, the anniversary of Waterloo, at the Curragh Camp, in Ireland, Baron Eckhardstein, Military

at Yalova, on the shore of the Sea of Marmora, for the two European ladies captured there, and those ladies are set free.

In America the Presidential election campaign of the "Republican" party has been formally commenced by the proceedings of a Convention at St. Louis, which on June 19 adopted Mr. William McKinley, the well-known advocate of a stringent Protectionist tariff in favour of all the United States industries and products, manufacturing, mining, agricultural and pastoral, to be its candidate at the end of this year. The Convention, on the other hand, rejects the proposal of an unlimited silver currency—which President Cleveland and the "Democratic" party have also rejected—declaring for a gold standard. It asserts the high Monroe doctrine, claims a right to interfere in Hawaii and in Cuba, insists on the Nicaragua Canal belonging to the United States, and hopes for the ultimate withdrawal of European nations from the Western Hemisphere.

An earthquake, followed by a vast tidal wave, on the north-east coast of Japan, extending over seventy miles, has destroyed many towns and villages, and caused the loss of thousands of lives.

Rumours of forcible contention between Venezuela police and a British Guiana road-making party between Barima and the river Cuyuni have excited some uneasiness,



Photo Martin, Cheltenham.

PERFORMANCE OF MILTON'S "COMUS" BY THE LADIES' COLLEGE GUILD AT CHELTENHAM.

Mr. John Morley, at Manchester, addressed a Liberal meeting upon the situation of the Unionist Government.

The trial of Dr. Jameson, Major Sir John Willoughby, and four other officers of the British South Africa Chartered Company's Matabililand Armed Police and the British Bechuanaland Armed Police, for making war against the South African Republic, has been removed from the Central Criminal Court to the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice by an order granted on June 18, applied for by the Attorney-General, who stated that the trial could not be held before July 20. The grand jury on Tuesday found true bills of indictment. Dr. Jameson and two other defendants are in Norway.

A communication by telegraph from the Government of the South African Republic to her Majesty's Government has been forwarded through the High Commissioner at Capetown, suggesting that a Crown prosecution should be instituted against the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. Alfred Beit, and Dr. Rutherford Harris, of the Chartered Company, as well as against Dr. Jameson and his comrades. Regret is expressed at the delay of the promised Government inquiry, and it is urged that the entire control, and civil as well as military administration, of the Matabililand and Mashonaland territories should be taken from the Chartered Company, to be conducted immediately by the officials of the British Government.

The Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Leicester, which was visited by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York on Tuesday, comprises 594 entries of cattle, and the same number of horses, 551 pens of sheep, 144 pens of pigs, and the largest collection of implements since the Windsor Show of 1889. The butter-making machines and other contrivances to aid the work of the dairy are regarded with particular interest. For cultivating the soil, a powerful steam-digger, drawn by a traction-engine, is exhibited by the Cooper Company, of King's Lynn, at work in a neighbouring field. The Thorncliffe Iron Works

Attaché to the German Embassy in London, on behalf of the Emperor William II., presented a laurel wreath of honour to the 1st Royal Dragoons, of which regiment his Majesty is honorary Colonel.

The British Mediterranean Squadron, under command of Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, was entertained at Naples on June 20 by the Prefect and other Italian official and municipal authorities, with agreeable hospitalities in the city, and a party of naval officers went up Mount Vesuvius.

A monument in honour of the German Emperor, William I., on the summit of the Kyffhäuser Hill, in Rhineland, has unveiled on June 18 by his imperial grandson, who has since gone to the regatta of the German Imperial Yacht Club at Kiel, commanded by Prince Henry of Prussia.

The second son of the late Austrian Archduke Karl Ludwig is to be recognised as heir presumptive to the throne of the Emperor Francis Joseph, King of Hungary: he is the Archduke Otto, or Otho, in his thirty-second year, a Colonel of Hussars, married to a daughter of Prince George of Saxony, and with two sons. His elder brother, Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Este, is in weak health.

The unhappy island of Crete is suffering continued affliction, burning of villages and slaying of people, from the conflicts in many districts between the Turkish troops and the Greek insurgents. At Constantinople on June 13 the Sultan's Ministers drew up a pacificatory decree or proclamation calling on the rebels to lay down their arms and promising to redress all their grievances. The Ambassadors of the European Powers deemed this vague and insufficient; they agreed on June 20 to recommend a Constitution with a Christian Governor and with an elected legislative assembly. In the meantime the Sultan has paid the ransom demanded by the Turkish brigands

but still lack confirmation. It is hoped, at least, that there has been no actual bloodshed. Mr. Harrison, an official surveyor, was taken prisoner by the Venezuelan police.

### "COMUS" AT CHELTENHAM.

The staging of "Comus" last Friday by the Ladies' College Guild in the theatre at Cheltenham, after two and a half centuries' histrionic neglect, was peculiarly felicitous, for, it will be remembered, "Sabrina," Goddess of the Severn, plays a magic part in the masque—and is not the city itself the loveliest now "of all this tract that fronts the falling sun"? A deeper significance, moreover, is given to the revival by the underlying thought of the allegory, the lifting up of the true ideal of woman's life, when taken in connection with the striking success achieved by the Cheltenham Ladies' College with its thousand students in advancing the movement for the higher education of women on the best lines. The masque made, therefore, a most suitable addition to the list of past performances, the "Alcestis" of Euripides, Tennyson's "Princess," and Spenser's "Britomart."

In the first act the chorus-singing was decidedly good, the dancing somewhat elementary. Miss Bateman-Champain as Comus was a trifle stagey. Miss Helen Stone as the Lady sang with a sweet voice, which greatly improved towards the end as she gained more confidence. Miss Ethel Smith as the First Brother performed her part with credit, and Miss Grace Walter played with dignity and grace as Sabrina. The whole performance was admirably stage-managed, and formed a very charming entertainment. It is interesting to note that the scenery and dresses were all arranged by the Guild, and were supplied in Cheltenham, a town whose local industries seem equal to anything, from stage appurtenances and theatrical properties to the fine metal-work which adorns the noble corridors and staircases of the College buildings.



## PERSONAL.

Public opinion has been deeply moved by the beautiful solicitude of the Breton fisherfolk for the victims of the *Drummond Castle* catastrophe. The bodies which have been recovered have received as much tender care as if they were kinsfolk of the people who have buried them. A fund has been opened for the sending of some token of public gratitude to those kind-hearted Bretons from England. This is a suitable recognition we owe to these sons and daughters of the sea. The Archbishop of Canterbury has sent to the Abbé Le Jeune, the curé at Molène, a letter tendering the heartfelt thanks of the English Church for the loving care which his parishioners have shown to the English dead.

It is believed that the Marquis de Morès, who started on a wild expedition in the direction of the Soudan, has been murdered by his native escort. He had long been a bizarre figure in French public life. Generous and chivalrous to a fault, he was wholly lacking in judgment, and fell an easy prey to intriguers, who laughed at his mediæval ideas. The object of his expedition was to help the Dervishes against the English, who were always offending his patriotic instincts. Yet he had many English friends who greatly appreciated his personal qualities. It is characteristic of the baser sort of Parisian journalists to suggest that he owes his death to English intrigue.

The Omar Khayyám Club held its annual summer dinner at the Crown Hotel, Marlow, on June 20. Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Harold Frederic, and "Maarten Maartens" were among the distinguished novelists who assembled to do honour to the great Persian poet and his translator, Edward FitzGerald.

The division on the second reading of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill in the House of Lords was notable for the unwonted presence of several members of the royal family. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York voted for the Bill, and the Duke of Connaught would have done the same had he arrived in time. The Duke of Cambridge listened to the debate for a while, but walked out before the division, probably distracted by the conflicting arguments. This is the second time a Bill of this kind has secured a majority in the Lords, but on the former occasion its triumph was shortlived, as it was lost on the third reading.

Girton and Newnham divide the honour of having produced the Women Wranglers of the year, but Girton

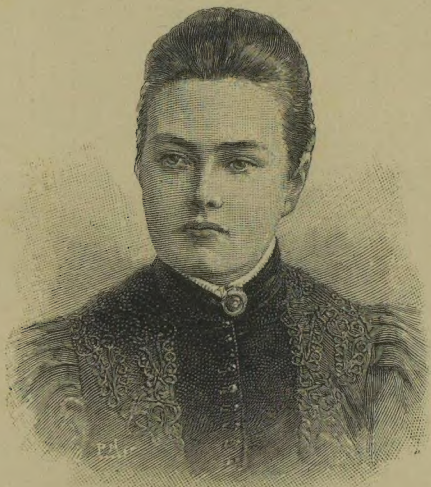


Photo Court and Wilkinson, Cambridge.  
MISS LONGBOTTOM, LADY WRANGLER.

takes the precedence, her representative, Miss Gertrude Longbottom, being some fourteen places above her Newnham rival, Miss Lazenby. The latest recruit to the distinguished rank of women students who have won the proud position of Wrangler in the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos is a daughter of Alderman Longbottom, J.P., of Louth, in Lincolnshire. She has the advantage of the new Senior Wrangler in age, for she will not attain her majority till September of the present year. The early period of her education was spent at the North London Collegiate School for Girls, where she gained a leaving scholarship of £50 a year given by the Clothworkers' Company. Having also obtained an entrance scholarship at Girton she took up her residence there in 1893.

Lord Leighton's effects will be sold at Christie's from the 8th to the 13th of July. They consist of furniture, bric-à-brac, sketches, and pictures, but no completed works from the late President's own brush. The committee, including the Prince of Wales and a number of Royal Academicians, formed for the purpose of promoting a scheme to establish some permanent record of Lord Leighton, have agreed unanimously to erect a memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral. It has been suggested to the Council of the Royal Academy that it would be a pleasing testimony to their late President's wishes if they also passed a resolution limiting the number of works that may be submitted to the Royal Academy to four.

The forty-seven American Pilgrims, some of whom claim lineal descent from the emigrants of the *Mayflower*, appear to be highly gratified by their visit to this country. They have wandered about amongst cathedrals with great zest. Whatever strangers may think of our manners, they are usually captivated by our architecture, or rather by the architecture of our ancestors. Exhilarated by spires and flying buttresses, the American Pilgrims reached London in high good-humour, and so far nothing has reminded them of the tyrannical and covetous spirit of Empire which Colonel Wentworth Higginson of Boston has so deeply deplored. Apparently, it has not occurred to Colonel Higginson that but for this imperial spirit, he might now be a medicine man amongst the Sioux Indians.

Mr. Charles Marquardt, the only passenger who escaped from the calamitous wreck of the *Drummond Castle*, has more to tell of the circumstances of the disaster than his two fellow-survivors of the vessel's crew, and his account probably sums up all the details that will ever be known of the sad affair. His convincing removal of any supposition that Captain Pierce was attempting to save time by going too near the well-known dangers of the point is certainly most welcome, and the exciting

narrative of his own escape forms one of those truths that are more wonderful than fiction. Throughout the night he clung to a floating spar, trying in vain to save several of his exhausted fellow-creatures from dropping off



MR. CHARLES MARQUARDT AT DOVER.  
THE ONLY SURVIVING PASSENGER OF THE "DRUMMOND CASTLE."

the same frail support, and, after many weary hours, was rescued by a fisherman named Berthelet, and taken to Ushant. Mr. Marquardt is a thick-set man of some thirty years. His father, Mr. Carl Marquardt, was a well-known inhabitant of Deal. Two years ago he went to Johannesburg in the employ of Messrs. Eckstein, but had lately determined to return to England. The only other survivors



Photo Curtis, Albany Road, S.E.  
QUARTERMASTER WOOD,  
ONE OF THE TWO SURVIVING SEAMEN OF THE "DRUMMOND CASTLE."

were two of the vessel's crew, Quartermaster Charles Wood, of Forest Gate, and William Godbolt, seaman, of Gorleston. As the *Drummond Castle* went down, the two men managed to swim to a floating hatchway, and together they were swept away from the wreck amid the despairing cries of the less fortunate, whom, in the darkness, they were powerless to help. For seven hours they kept afloat, and at last, almost exhausted, were rescued by a Breton fishing-boat and taken to the island of Molène.

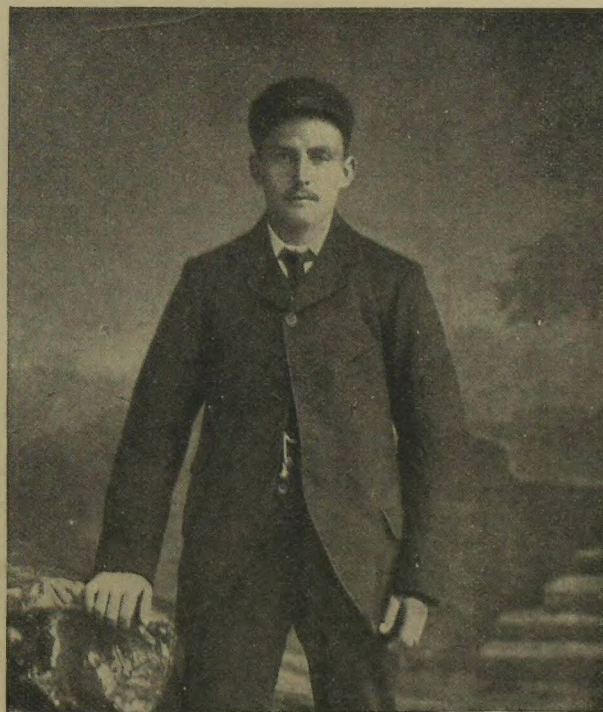


Photo Miller, Yarmouth.  
MR. W. J. GODBOLT.  
ONE OF THE TWO SURVIVING SEAMEN OF THE "DRUMMOND CASTLE."

It seems a somewhat sad and depressing task to write about the doings of last week's opera when the brain which had conceived and the hand which had guided that enormous scheme are now for ever stilled. Yet it is to be recorded that on Thursday, June 18, Madame Melba made her rentrée at Covent Garden in the part of Juliette to Jean de Reszke's *Roméo* in Gounod's opera. To state that her reception was enthusiastic is to make a statement lying well on the hither side of truth; it was, indeed, almost frantic, and to say so much of an audience the appreciative quality of which is the only cool thing to be found at the opera in this hot weather is to say a very great deal for Madame Melba. It says a good deal more when one adds that she thoroughly deserved all the applause she received, and more than she received. Her voice is now absolutely at its zenith: golden in tone and powerful in note, there would seem to be nothing that she could not do with it. Her singing of the waltz in the first act of "*Roméo*" was in itself a masterpiece of interpretation. Whether she skims the notes of the chromatic scale, swallow-like, or sings for you long, liquid notes of tenderness, she is ever the perfect mistress of what may without exaggeration be described as the greatest soprano voice now possessed by any living singer.

It was for the Saturday, in the much duller opera of "*Lucia di Lammermoor*," that Melba reserved the greatest vocal moment that Covent Garden has yet known from her. This was in the final stroke of the mad scene, in which, by the way, she had sung superbly throughout; when she reached that perilous phrase she literally uncovered her voice, gradually but with ultimate completeness, until its very essential beauty seemed to stand revealed, a beauty full of power, of an almost terrible inspiration, and of splendidly proportioned art. It goes without saying that she displayed all her best qualities in the part of Gilda when, on Tuesday, June 23, "*Rigoletto*" was performed. Meanwhile, on Monday, June 22, Madame Lola Beeth took the part of Elsa in "*Lohengrin*" for the first time this season. There is nothing trivial about Madame Beeth: she is graceful, charming, self-restrained, and conscientious, but at present her voice, though powerful and impressive, lacks quality and grace; these are gifts that time may develop, and one sincerely hopes that time will.

Mr. William Garden Fraser, of Queen's College, Cambridge, who has won the Senior Wranglership, is a graduate of Aberdeen University, which has not now produced a Senior Wrangler for close on thirty years. In 1867 the proud distinction was won by Mr. Charles Niven, who now holds the Chair of Natural Philosophy in the northern University, and since then three Aberdonians have become Second Wranglers. The new Senior Wrangler, Mr. Fraser, was born twenty-two years ago at Croy, Inverness-shire, from the school of which parish he passed to Gordon's College, Aberdeen, and thence to Aberdeen University, where he gained a Fullerton bursary. In 1893, after winning many intermediate distinctions, he graduated with first-class honours in mathematics, and gained a Fullerton scholarship of £100. His second University career at Cambridge was inaugurated by the winning of an open scholarship at Queen's College, and he has since obtained the Ferguson mathematical scholarship and the Joshua King prize.



Photo Stearn, Cambridge.  
MR. W. G. FRASER, SENIOR WRANGLER.

Quite a brilliant reception was given to the paddle-steamer *La Marguerite* at the Quai Gambetta, Boulogne, when she made her first trip of the present season from Tilbury to Margate and Boulogne on June 18. The Mayor of Boulogne and the President of the Chamber of Commerce made speeches full of enthusiasm for the pleasant intercourse between French and English promoted by such trips as *La Marguerite* is now to undertake three times a week throughout the season, and flags, cheers, and excellent viands were the order of the day. Many holiday-makers will doubtless welcome so convenient an opportunity for exploring the picturesque beauties of Boulogne as the improved speed and comfort of *La Marguerite* now offers.

M. Bouguereau, the well-known painter, has been described as the Leighton of France. The comparison is not very happy, as Leighton escaped the eternal prettiness which characterises almost all of Bouguereau's pictures, and which has gained him the polite sneers of a generation of French critics. For M. Bouguereau's latest public act we have heard nothing but congratulations. He has, at the age of seventy-one, married his pupil, Miss Elizabeth Jane Gardner, after years of courtship. The other day, at a dinner, M. Bouguereau remarked that he hoped his friends would not think him foolish if he announced that he was "fiancé." M. Bouguereau seems given to confidences, as some time ago he told other of his friends that since the death of his first wife loneliness had distracted and weakened his hand. As a painter, he is perhaps best known by his "*Vierge Consolatrice*" in the Luxembourg. He sold it to the French Government for 12,000 francs, in spite of the fact that he had been offered double that sum by a private buyer.





THE "WARREN HASTINGS" TAKING INDIAN TROOPS ON BOARD AT BOMBAY FOR SERVICE IN THE SOUDAN.

*From a Photograph by Mr. H. E. Barrell, Bombay.*





ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

## XIX.

## PLAINTON, MAINE.

It was late in the summer, and Mrs. Cliff dwelt happy and serene in her native town of Plainton, Maine. She had been there during the whole warm season, for Plainton was a place to which people came to be cool and comfortable in summer-time, and if she left her home at all, it would not be in the months of foliage and flowers. It might well be believed by anyone who would look out of one of the tall windows of her drawing-room that Mrs. Cliff did not need to leave home for the mere sake of rural beauty. On the other side of the street, where once stretched a block of poor little houses and shops, now lay a beautiful park—The Grove of the Incas.

The zeal of Mr. Burke and the money of Mrs. Cliff had had a powerful influence upon the minds of the contractors and landscape-gardeners who had this great work in hand, and the park, which really covered a very large space in the village, now appeared from certain points of view to extend for miles, so artfully had been arranged its masses of obstructing foliage and its open vistas of uninterrupted view. The surface of the ground, which had been a little rolling, had been made more unequal and diversified, and over all the little hills and dells, and upon the wide smooth stretches there was a covering of bright green turf. It had been a season of genial rains, and there had been a special corps of workmen to attend to the grass of the new park.

The home of Mrs. Cliff, itself, had seemed to her to be casting off its newness and ripening into the matured home. Willy Croup had declared, as she stood in the hall gazing up at the staircase, that it often seemed to her, since she came back, as if her grandfather had been in the habit of coming down those stairs. "I never saw him," she said, "and I don't know what sort of stairs he used to come down, but there's something about all this which makes me think of things far back and grand, and I know from what I've heard of him that he would have liked to come down such stairs."

Mrs. Horn and her husband had made a long visit to Mrs. Cliff, and they had departed early in the summer for a great property they had bought in the West, which included mountains, valleys, a cañon, and such far-extending groves of golden fruit that Edna already called the Captain "The Prince of Orange."

But although Mrs. Cliff, for many reasons, had no present desire to leave her home, she did not relinquish the enterprise for which the *Summer Shelter* had been designed. When Captain Hagar had gone to London and had reported to his owners the details of his dire and disastrous misfortune, he had been made the subject of censure and severe criticism; but, while no reason could be found why he should be legally punished for what had happened, he was made to understand that there was no ship for him in the gift of the house he had so long served.

When Mrs. Cliff heard of this, and she heard of it very soon, through Captain Horn, she immediately offered Captain Hagar the command of the *Summer Shelter*, assuring him that her designs included cruises of charity in the north in summer and in tropical waters in the winter time, and that of all men she knew of, he was the captain who should command her yacht. He was, indeed, admirably adapted to this service, for he was of a kind and gentle nature, and loved children, and he had such an observing mind that it frequently happened when he had looked over a new set of passengers, and had observed their physical tendencies, that he did not take a trip to sea at all, but cruised up the smooth quiet waters of the Hudson.

As soon as it could possibly be done, Captain Horn had caused messages to be sent to many ports on the French and Spanish coast and the long Mediterranean, in order that if the *Vittorio* arrived in any of these harbours, her officers and men might be seized and held. But it was a long time before there was any news of the pirate ship, and

then she was heard of at Mogador, a port on the western coast of Morocco, where she had been sold under very peculiar circumstances, and for a very small price, by the men who had come there in her, and who had departed north at different times on trading-vessels which were bound for Marseilles and Gibraltar.

More definite information was received of the third of the pirate vessels which had been fitted out to capture the Peruvians' treasure; for, as this vessel approached the West Indies, she was overhauled by a Spanish cruiser, who

finding her manned by a suspicious crew and well supplied with firearms, had seized her as a filibuster, and had taken her into a Cuban port, where she still remained, with her crew in prison, awaiting trial or a tardy release, in case it became inconvenient to detain them longer.

The other pirate vessel on which Captain Hagar and his men had been placed when they were forced to leave the *Dunkery Beacon* finally reached Georgetown, British Guiana, where, after a long course of legal action, it was condemned and sold, and as much of the price as was left



Willy sat and looked at him.



after costs had been paid was handed over to the owners of the *Dunkery Beacon*.

Among the reasons which made Mrs. Cliff very glad to remain at Plainton was one of paramount importance. She was now engaged in a great work which satisfied all her aspirations and desires to make herself able worthily and conscientiously to cope with her income.

When, after the party on the *Summer Shelter* had separated at New York, and the ex-members of the synod had gone to their homes, Mrs. Cliff and her party, which included Shirley as well as Captain Horn and his wife, had reached Plainton, their minds were greatly occupied with the subject of the loss of the Peruvians' share of the Incas' treasure. It was delightful for Mrs. Cliff and Willy to reach again their charming home, and their friends were filled with a pleasure which they could scarcely express to see and enjoy the beauties and the comforts with which Mrs. Cliff had surrounded herself; but there was still upon them all the shadow of that great misfortune which had happened off the eastern coast of South America.

News came to them of what had been said and done in London, and of what had been said and done not only in Peru, but in other States of South America in regard to the loss of the treasure, but nothing was said or done in any quarter which tended to invalidate their right to the share of the gold which had been adjudged to them. The portion of the treasure allotted to the Peruvian Government had been duly delivered to its agents, and it was the fault of those agents, acting under the feverish orders of their superiors, which had been the reason of its injudicious and hasty transportation and consequent loss.

But although the ownership of the treasure, which was now in the safe possession of those to whom it had been adjudged, was not considered a matter to be questioned or discussed, Mrs. Cliff was not satisfied with the case as it stood, and her dissatisfaction rapidly spread to the other members of the party. It pained her to think that the native Peruvians, those who might be considered the descendants of the Incas, would now derive no benefit from the discovery of the treasure of their ancestors, and she announced her intention to devote a portion of her wealth to the interests and advantage of these natives.

Captain Horn was much impressed with this idea, and agreed that if Mrs. Cliff would take the management of the enterprise into her own hands, he would contribute largely to any plan which she might adopt for the benefit of the Peruvians. Edna, who now held a large portion of the treasure in her own right, insisted upon being allowed to contribute her share to this object, and Burke and Shirley declared that they would become partners, according to their means, in the good work.

There was, of course, a great deal of talk and discussion in regard to the best way of using the very large amount of money which had been contributed by the various members of the party; but before Captain Horn and his wife left Plainton everything was arranged, and Mrs. Cliff found herself at the head of an important and well-endowed private mission to the native inhabitants of Peru. She did not make immediately a definite plan of action, but her first steps in the direction of her great object showed that she was a woman well qualified to organise and carry on the great work in the cause of civilisation and enlightenment which she had undertaken. She engaged the Reverend Mr. Hodgson and the Reverend Mr. Litchfield, both young men whose dispositions lead them to prefer earnest work in new and foreign lands to the ordinary labours of a domestic parish, to go to Peru to survey the scene of the proposed work, and to report what, in their opinion, ought to be done and how it should be undertaken.

Mrs. Cliff, now in the very maturity of her mental and physical powers, felt that this great work was the most congenial task that she could possibly have undertaken, and her future life now seemed to open before her in a series of worthy endeavours in which her conscientious feelings in regard to her responsibilities and her desire to benefit her fellow-beings should be fully satisfied. As to her fellow-workers and those of her friends who thoroughly comprehended the nature of the case, there was a general belief that those inhabitants of Peru who were rightfully entitled to the benefits of the discovered treasure would, under her management and direction of the funds in her hands, receive far more good and advantage than they could possibly have expected had the treasure gone to the Peruvian Government. In fact, there were those who said that had the *Dunkery Beacon* safely arrived in the port of Callao, the whole of the continent of South America might have been disturbed and disrupted by the immense overbalance of wealth thrown into the treasury of one of its States.

Mr. George Burke was now the only member of our little party of friends who did not seem entirely satisfied with his condition and prospects. He made no complaints, but he was restless and discontented. He did not want to go to sea, for he vowed he had had enough of it, and he did not seem to find any satisfaction in a life on shore. He paid a visit to his mother, but he did not stay with her very long, for Plainton seemed to suit him better. But when he returned to his house in that town, he soon left it to go and spend a few days with Shirley.

When he came back Mrs. Cliff, who believed that his uneasy state of mind was the result of want of occupation and the monotonous life of a small town, advised him to

go out west and visit Captain Horn. There was so much in that grand country to interest and to occupy him, body and mind; but to this advice Mr. Burke stoutly objected.

"I'm not going out there," he said. "I've seen enough of Captain Horn and his wife. To tell you the truth, Mrs. Cliff, that's what's the matter with me."

"I don't understand you," said she.

"It's simply this," said Burke. "Since I've seen so much of the Captain and his wife, and the happiness they get out of each other, I've found out that the kind of happiness they've got is exactly the kind of happiness I want, and there isn't anything else—money, or land, or orange groves, or steam-ships—than can take the place of it."

"In other words," said Mrs. Cliff, with a smile, "you want to get married?"

"You've hit it exactly," said he. "I want a wife. Of course, I don't expect to get exactly such a wife as Captain Horn has; they're about as scarce as buried treasure, I take it; but I want one who will suit me and who is suited to me. That's what I want, and I shall never be happy until I get her."

"I should think it would be easy enough for you to get a wife, Mr. Burke," said Mrs. Cliff. "You are in the prime of life, you have plenty of money, and I don't believe it would be at all hard to find a good woman who would be glad to have you."

"That's what my mother said," said he. "When I was there she bored me from morning until night by telling me I ought to get married, and mentioning girls on Cape Cod who would be glad to have me. But there isn't any girl on Cape Cod that I want. To get rid of them I came away sooner than I intended."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Cliff, "perhaps there is someone in particular that you would like to have."

"That's it exactly," said Burke; "there is someone in particular."

"And do you mind telling me who it is?" she asked.

"Since you ask me, I don't mind a bit," said he. "It's Miss Croup."

Mrs. Cliff started back astonished.

"Willy Croup!" she exclaimed. "You amaze me! I don't think she would suit you."

"I'd like to know why not?" he asked quickly.

"In the first place," said she, "it's a long time since Willy was a girl."

"That's the kind I want," he answered. "I don't want to adopt a daughter. I want to marry a grown woman."

"Well," said Mrs. Cliff, "Willy is certainly grown. But then, it doesn't seem to me that she would be adapted to a married life. I am sure she has made up her mind to live single, and she hasn't been accustomed to manage a house and conduct domestic affairs. She has always had someone to depend upon."

"That's what I like," said he. "Let her depend on me. And as to management, you needn't say anything to me about that, Mrs. Cliff. I saw her bouncing to the galley of the *Summer Shelter*, and if she manages other things as well as she managed the cooking business there, she'll suit me."

"It seems so strange to me, Mr. Burke," said Mrs. Cliff after a few moments' silence. "I never imagined that you would care for Willy Croup."

Mr. Burke drew himself forward to the edge of the chair on which he was sitting; he put one hand on each of his outspread knees, and he leaned forward, with a very earnest and animated expression on his countenance. "Now, look here, Mrs. Cliff," he said, "I want to say something to you. When I see a young woman brought up in the very bosom of the Sunday-school, and on the quarterdeck of respectability, and who never, perhaps, had a cross word said to her in all her life, or said one to anybody, judging from her appearance, and whose mind is more like a clean pocket-handkerchief in regard to hard words and rough language than anything I can think of; when I see that young woman with a snow-white disposition that would naturally lead her to hymns whenever she wanted to raise her voice above common conversation—when I see that young woman, I say, in a moment of life or death to her and everyone about her, dash to the door of that engine-room, and shout my orders down to that muddled engineer—knowing I couldn't leave the wheel to give them myself—ramming them into him as if with the point of a handspike, yelling out everything that I said, word for word, without picking or choosing, trusting in me that I knew what ought to be said in such a moment, and saying it after me, word for word, cursing, swearing, slamming down oaths on him just as I did, trusting in me all the time as to what words ought to be used, and just warming up that blasted engineer until sense enough came to him to make him put out his hand and back her—then, Mrs. Cliff, I know that a woman who stands by me at a time like that will stand by me at any time, and that's the woman I want to stand by. And now, what have you got to say?"

"All I have to say," answered Mrs. Cliff, who had been listening intently to Mr. Burke's extraordinary flow of words, "all I have to say is, if that's the way you think about her, you ought to speak to her."

"Madam," said Burke, springing to his feet, "that suits me. I would have spoken to her before, but I had my doubts about what you'd think of it. But now that I

see you're willing to sign the papers, what I want to know is, where will I be likely to find Miss Croup?"

Mrs. Cliff laughed. "You are very prompt," she said, "and I think you will find Willy in the little parlour. She was sewing there when I saw her last."

In less than a minute Mr. Burke stood before Willy Croup in the little parlour. "Miss Croup," said he, "I want to ask you something."

"What is it?" said Willy, letting her work drop in her lap.

"Miss Croup," said he, "I heard you swear once, and I never heard anybody swear better and with more conscience. You did that swearing for me, and now I want to ask you if you will be willing to swear for me again?"

"No!" said Willy, her cheeks flushing as she spoke; "no, I won't! It was all very well for you to tell me that I didn't do anything wrong when I talked in that dreadful way to Mr. Maxwell, and for you to get the ministers to tell me that as I didn't understand what I was saying, of course there was no sin in it; but although I don't feel as badly about it as I did, I sometimes wake up in the night and fairly shiver when I think of the words I used that day. And I've made up my mind, no matter whether ships are to be sunk or what is to happen, I will never do that thing again, and I don't want you ever to expect it of me."

"But, William Croup," exclaimed Mr. Burke, forgetting in his excitement that the full form of her Christian name was not likely to be masculine, "that isn't the way I want you to swear this time! What I want you to do is to stand up alongside of me in front of a minister and swear you'll take me for your loving husband, to love, honour, and protect, and all the rest of it, till death do us part. Now, what do you say to that?"

Willy sat and looked at him. The flush went out of her cheeks, and then came again, but it was a different kind of a flush this time, and the brightness went out of her eyes, and another light, a softer and different light, came into them. "Oh! is that what you want?" she said presently. "I wouldn't mind that."

THE END.

## NEW STORY BY HENRY JAMES.

In our Next Number we shall publish the opening chapters of a New Story by HENRY JAMES, entitled "THE OTHER HOUSE," with Illustrations by WAL PAGET.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Lord Halifax gave a clear statement to the English Church Union of his views on Reunion. He thinks that the Pope should be able to open the way for the return of the separated churches of Christendom to Catholic unity on analogous terms to those at present in force in the case of the Uniat churches of the East, who retain in communion with the Roman see all their own customs, privileges, rites, and ordinances, and who are practically hardly more interfered with by the Pope than the Colonial churches are by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The total number of members on the roll is 34,400, and three Bishops joined last year. Among the Vice-Presidents are Canon Newbolt and Mr. Gladstone's intimate friend, Sir W. G. F. Phillimore.

The Abbé Portal contributes to a French periodical a note on Mr. Gladstone's recent letter on Reunion. He says: "I do not know whether I dream, or whether it is the result already obtained, together with my trust in the Holy Father, that inspires me with large hopes, but I ask myself whether God, in His merciful providence, has not permitted this faithful member of the Anglican Church, whose vocation it seemed to be to serve in the sanctuary, to describe a curve in the course of his long life, so as to put at her service a richer experience and a greater authority. At all events, we see henceforth Gladstone lending his valuable aid to Leo XIII."

The Abbé goes on to say that there is a singular likeness between these two great men. Both are very versatile, and are still well ahead of their generation, and not left in the rear. They have come to an age when men naturally speak the language of peace and love. So the distinguished recluse of Hawarden, as soon as he heard the voice of the first Bishop of Christendom, at once recognised in his tones his own deepest convictions, and has said so.

The memorial to the late Christina Rossetti will take the form of a reredos in Christ Church, Woburn Square. Sir Edward Burne-Jones will generally supervise the memorial.

Father Black is going very far in his opposition to the remarriage of divorced persons. In a Church paper he calls the attention of Continental chaplains to the fact that the wife whom a certain dignitary of the Church divorced is still living.

Mr. Tremenheere, the successor of Mr. Dolling in the Winchester College Mission, says that the people have rallied round him in a wonderful way. Mr. Dolling thinks that one of Mr. Tremenheere's great advantages is that he is a Winchester man. Special efforts are to be made to secure the consecration of their church this year.

Much sorrow is felt on the death of Miss Howson, the youngest daughter of the late Dean Howson, of Chester. She devoted herself to Church work in the town, and her strong, straightforward individuality and religious character secured for her wonderful success. "Miss Maggie," as she was lovingly called, rescued many from an evil life. She held more advanced Church views than those of her father, who was an Evangelical of a liberal type. She had six months of intense pain, and then a critical operation, after which she gently passed away.—V.



## FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Some weeks ago I mentioned here the story of "Feeble Fanny," commemorated by Mrs. Hunter in a poem called "The Mad Lady and her Sheep." Feeble Fanny suggested the idea of Madge Wildfire to Scott; but he found the sheep impracticable. He mentions, or his friend Train mentions, a ballad on the subject.

Mr. Frank Miller, a collector of Annandale ballads, kindly gives me some additional information. He knows an old fisherman whose grandfather, born in 1757, remembered seeing poor Fanny at Darnock, a village near Annan. Wilson, the author of "Border Tales," obtained a copy of the ballad, and it may have been printed by him. The old fisher remembers some of the piece, of which Mr. Miller cites two verses—

She loved a young shepherd  
Below her degree,  
Which brought her to ruin  
And sad misery.

When the Squire came to know  
His passion grew hot,  
And with loaded pistol  
The shepherd he shot.

We need not very much regret the rest of this composition. As to Mrs. Hunter, who wrote the "Cherokee Death Song," Mr. Miller says, "Dr. Gregory thought Burns might

live by the unique merit of a dozen pieces at most. His passion, his affection, his sincerity, his love of nature and of home, his amiable recklessness—these are expressed in brief classical perfection; these are immortal and for all time. Everyone who knows Latin at all knows the Sparrow, and the Elegy for the Sparrow—things so Italian that they scarcely seem Roman, with their musical diminutives—

Ad solam dominam usque pipiabat,  
Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum  
Illuc, unde negant redire quenquam,

to that bourne whence no traveller returns. The motive is like a motive of the Greek Anthology, but somehow we are made to feel more deeply the *lacrymæ rerum*. No other ancient poem seems so modern as the "Phaselus ille," the little yacht whose timbers regret the green wood: the steep where they stood, and the waters to which they dipped their boughs. The poems of love, happy, or outraged and despairing, when desire survives affection and faith, remind one, perhaps, of Alfred de Musset; but what a brief, grave pregnancy of painful thought is theirs, as if of one suffering, first of mankind, this agony, and recording it in immortal words! The *flagrantes oculi* of Clodia have burned these poems into the heart of the world. No more he asks that she should return his love, no more, what may

I was? Surely a "sketch" of a fellow's life and works (by a person who has not seen one nor read the other) might be printed, if desirable, and adorned with a photograph like that of a *vache enragée*, without this eternal insistence on one's not being "an Immortal." Very few people are immortal—not the dentist round the corner, the doctor in the next street, the solicitor over the way. We professional men work for bread and butter, not for enduring fame. We wish to live and say our say, not to secure eternal fame, like Catullus and a few others. Perhaps Jones, and Smith, and Brown, who also ply the pen for a livelihood, have these slaves of the paragraph, to keep whispering "Thou too must die!" They are very constant and voluble behind the cab or omnibus which serves for my triumphal car, I know, and, for some reason, they are usually Scotch! The *scie* becomes tedious, and is entirely superfluous. Pertinacious young Scotch scribblers, I never dreamed of being any more deathless than you are! The heat of the weather and the incessant provocations may explain, if they do not excuse, these splenetic remarks.

I extract from the *Author* the following ingenuous remarks by a writer who is not splenetic—

Though my books have never been reviewed in the *Times*,



THE MATABILI INSURRECTION.—REBELS TRYING TO CUT OFF THE GOVERNMENT-HOUSE PICKET ON APRIL 25: DEATH OF PARSONS.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

Mr. Prior writes: "I chanced to be looking in the direction of Government House when I saw the enemy running down the slope as though to cut our men off. A ride for life ensued. One man, Parsons, was hit, and fell dead from his saddle. His body was recovered the next day, and found to be stabbed all over."

derive benefit from the study of her poetry!" Burns's literary advisers had most extraordinary ideas, and I fancy that, to some extent, they threw him "out of his stride."

Messrs. Macmillan, in their "Parnassus Library," now publish "Catullus," edited by Dr. Palmer, of Trinity, Dublin. The only fault one can hint at is the gay Pompeian decoration of the covers—not quite in keeping. As to the editing I am far too ignorant to speak. The two earliest manuscripts are of the fourteenth century. Catullus was not a favourite of the Middle Ages, as Ovid was. The two manuscripts seem to be children of a Verona manuscript, now lost, but extant in the ninth century. The Verona, again, was from a yet earlier manuscript in France. Mr. Robinson Ellis was lucky enough to unearth the best manuscript at the Bodleian. How casual and hazardous are the chances which have preserved to us great poets of the dead world!

I do not think I have read Catullus since I was seventeen till now. One's old impressions are unaltered. I still cannot care for—indeed, I cannot translate without a dictionary—much of his Billingsgate, and what I can read is disgusting—

Tell me not what too well I know  
About the Bard of Sirmio,

says Landor, and we need not dwell on the stains. Catullus

not be, that she should be true. He only beseeches the gods to heal his malady—

O di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea!

What does he mean by his "piety"? Loyalty in life and love, perhaps, for otherwise he was not *vir pietate gravis*. Then there is the gem of a poem on Sirmio, and the Lament for his brother, and the Epithalamium—at once so grave, so gay, and so tender—and the unique "Attis," which, I own, I can never admire as most readers admire it, though I am not quite so insensible to its merits as were Mr. Grant Allen's West Indian pupils. Lord Tennyson has reproduced the measure in "Boadicea." Mr. Allen has translated the poem for English readers. But, though the lines dance like the waving *thyrsi* of the Mænads, I never have felt at home with this famous composition. Catullus seems to be known, as a man, by his students more than almost any other poet. None is more free from pose and affectation, none writes more absolutely from the heart, none has so little waste of words. And yet, out of a hundred and sixteen pieces, do more than a dozen bear the stamp of immortality? These are winged and deathless.

Perhaps no penman has been so assiduously told as the present perspiring hack that he is "not one of the Immortals." Good Heaven, gentlemen, one feels inclined to cry when yet another of the brief biographers of the living insists on this too conspicuous fact, *who ever thought*

they have been noticed in nearly all the leading London journals, including those of a literary character. I was so pleased with the praise given to one of my works that I had extracts from the reviews reprinted, and sent several hundreds of copies to my friends. I do not think they increased the sale by half a dozen.

In the town where I am known my books have a certain vogue, and have been added to the stock of the libraries. I took one of them from the bookshelves a short time ago and examined it; it had been rebound, many pages were missing, it was dirty, dogeared, and full of marginal notes and interlineations, all of which was very gratifying to the author.

"This book seems to have had a fair amount of wear," I remarked to the lady librarian.

"Oh, yes, it is almost always out," she replied.

"Why don't you get a new copy? Many pages of this one are missing," I suggested.

"We never increase our stock more than we can help," she answered, and I fancy that is the general rule.

I am not an embittered man. I think, however, I have been mainly encouraged to continue writing by the very favourable reviews my books have obtained.—C. H.

Is this not a good, innocent creature? Reviews do not increase his popularity, but they are not wasted. They cause a glow in his honest heart, and nurse the sacred flame. Moreover, he is read in his native town, though his volume is quite imperfect. His townsmen love and admire him; but to pay four shillings and sixpence for a copy of his masterpiece they have no mind. This man's geniality of heart, like the conscience of the old Earl Mareschal, "would gild the walls of a dungeon."





THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: WATERING THE CAMELS.

*From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.*

*The camels are watered every three days, in order to keep them in training for the desert marches.*





THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.—SONKI BY MOONLIGHT: INSIDE THE ZAREBA.

*From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.*

*When encamped the troops make an enclosure with a strong fence of acacia-thorn or other material, and sleep within, under the open sky, ready armed against attack.*



## THE STOCKYARDS OF CHICAGO.

One of the first lions supposed to be "done" by any stranger happening within the gates of Chicago is the stockyards, which represent so large a part in the commercial position of the Western city. Columbus's descendant, the Spanish Duke whom the American nation entertained at the time of the opening of the Chicago Exhibition, inevitably "did" the stockyards. As a preparation, he turned up his trousers, and in wettish weather that is very necessary if you are to go through with the thing thoroughly. The stockyards are remarkable and immense, the greatest standing agricultural show in the world, but they can hardly be described as a pleasure-ground. That is why eighty per cent of the Chicagoans tell you, "Oh, no; I have never been to the yards myself, but you ought, of course, to see them before you leave the city." Parenthetically it may be added that something like the other twenty per cent of Chicagoans are employed in and about the stockyards.

About sixty years ago, when Chicago was a bagatelle to what it has now become, somebody slaughtered and packed the first lot of cattle and hogs. Perhaps a few Illinois braves were spectators of this informal founding of the stock-markets, if their origin may be so expressed. No Illinois braves remain to contemplate in wonderment—and roll up their trousers—the miles of territory which are covered by, say, the Union Stockyards. These are the centre of the whole business, and if you could see them from the top of a Chicago "sky-scraper," the impression you would get would be that of a huge town of cattle-pens. They have fifty miles of feeding-troughs, and there are eighty miles of railway roads connecting them with the outside world. Artesian wells, sunk to a great depth, secure an ample supply of water, and contiguous is all the machinery of slaughter and packing. Eight or nine million hogs, between three and four million head of cattle, and fully two million sheep, find their way into the stock-markets of Chicago in the course of a year. Needless to say, it is mostly as carcasses and tinned meat that these animals go forth again, but not entirely so, since Chicago does a large market in livestock.

The men, wearing broad soft hats, who ride about the stockyards on wiry nags, give a certain sense of picturesqueness to the scene; imply a sort of whiff of the prairie from which the thousands of cattle in the pens have come. But the note of the stockyards is very, very matter-of-fact, the atmosphere a trifle "buggy"; and even those who have found fortunes here prefer to have suburban castles in another suburb. A hog, be it explained, does not quite go into one end of a machine squealing and come out sausages at the other, but no doubt that will come some day. Indeed, there does not seem to be any reason why the hog should not be cooked and eaten also; only then the Japanese army, for instance, and the rest of the outside population of the world which Chicago feeds on tinned meat, would have to go hungry. Seriously, if the stock-markets of Chicago were by any possibility to bob out of existence to-morrow, the effect on the feeding arrangements of the world would be no trifle.



THE STOCKYARDS OF CHICAGO: DRIVING OUT THE CATTLE.



A MORNING SCENE IN THE STOCKYARDS OF CHICAGO.



## LITERATURE.

*The Tale of Balen.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Chatto and Windus).—The ballad manner is not native to Mr. Swinburne, and to turn Malory's tale of Sir Balen the Savage directly into verse the ballad manner is needed. Working in a medium not his own, whatever defects the poem may have are inevitable. A little less of elaborate rhythm one would ask at times, and yet, seeing who is the poet, we miss the abundance of suave undulatory motions he has led us always to expect; a little more clearness and directness of narrative would be welcome, and yet we are not sure if we like him when he works with a meagre supply of room for melodious circumlocutions. It is neither quite Mr. Swinburne's nor another's. It is a very inconsistent production; nevertheless it is a fine poem. Whether the strange tale is best told in this comparatively simple fashion or in Tennyson's much more elaborate one is not to be decided hastily; but we think there can be no doubt that this later version, with all its obvious weaknesses, is the more successful of the two. Sir Balen is the most mysterious and one of the most suggestive of all Malory's heroes. Tennyson took hints for him from various sources, and yet a strange, interesting, but most unconvincing tale. Yet on Tennyson's lines, someone in these psychological days might still find the wild knight, who at court or on quest always seems an alien, a profitable theme, laying stress on the little-understood mental temper of the man. Malory, save for a few dark words, deals with his more outward adventures, and Mr. Swinburne follows the chronicler almost literally. The result is a simpler and more picturesque narrative than that in the "Idylls of the King"; the chief incidents described being the early disgrace of Balen when he slew a churlish kinsman of the King; his winning back of favour by the encounter which gained him the fatal sword and by fighting for Arthur against the Welsh king; his pursuit of the invisible deadly knight; the killing of Garlon; his rescue by Merlin from the castle that fell in ruins at Pellam's death; the treacherous enticement to throw away his shield and to joust with a strange knight, no other than Balen his beloved brother; the mortal wounds they gave each other; and their mutual recognition at the hour of death. Only the last incident repeats at any length the theme of Tennyson's poem, which is more concerned with Balen's devotion to Guinevere and his wild grief when he discovers the Queen's guilty love for Lancelot. Here, as in the "Morte d'Arthur," Balen is a more human and a sturdier hero. And none the less poetically mysterious, I think, for that fewer attempts are made to explain the temper and the meaning of his strange adventure. But choosing Malory's very words at times, and repressing his need for space and flow of language, Mr. Swinburne breaks out every now and again into his own harmonies—

And sorrowing for their strange love's sake  
Rode Balen forth by lawn and lake,  
By moor and moss and briar and brake,  
And in his heart their sorrow spake

Whose lips were dumb as death, and said  
Mute words of presage blind and vain  
As rain-stars blurred and marred by rain  
To wanderers on a moonless main

Where night and day seem dead.

There we have Mr. Swinburne and no other. Theories are made to be upset, and just where the rude native accent of the tale is changed, most unfortunately, theory says, to the smooth reflective tones of the modern poet, there is a gain in power. After all, the best manner for a poem is the manner of the poet at his best.

It is not saying too much for Colonel N. Newnham-Davis's little book of stories, *Three Men and a God* (Downey and Co.) that its human interest, at once apparent, is only subordinate to its cleverness. Of Anglo-Indian stories since Rudyard Kipling first charmed our fancies there has been a steady downpour—continuous, but not always invigorating. If genuine humour alternating with pathos, and even tragedy, fittingly described, can claim a hearing, however, Colonel Newnham-Davis should be able to count on the popular vote. The elephant-headed god Ganesh, or rather one of his small stone prototypes, plays the part of first villain in the opening chapters with great effect. A capital picture of barrack manners—and the want of them—follows in a genuinely humorous tale called "A Pet Monkey." Patrick Brady, Black Kelley, and other heroes of H Company here outdoing in eccentric valour, or nearly so, the classic "soldiers three" of Kipling himself; while a vividly presented interior of the Chinese eating-house, with its subsequent comedy in two acts, strikes one as a flexible bit of word-painting. An experience in the Land of the Rising Sun is daintily detailed through seven chapters devoted to "The Budha of Tatsuta," and the rape of an Eastern deity was surely never accomplished with such engaging effrontery as that to which Bulha was on this occasion a victim at Black Kelley's irreverent pleasure. "A Modern Rajah," as rendered by our observant author, combines the Sybaritism of a thousand generations with the modern veneer of European salons, and in the piecing together of these opposing parts we have a character-study which does the author's powers and pen no little credit. Some will think "A Millionaire," with its realistic rendering of lepers worshipping round the shrine of a native saint, the strongest story in the book. But there is a sufficient diversity for all tastes, and "A Company Gaff" gives us an account of *tableaux vivants* in barracks after the usual

non-commissioned idea, which, without being overdrawn, is intensely diverting. Colonel Newnham-Davis, in fact, understands the fine art of story-telling, and, apparently, owns a mine of original material as well. His first book will ensure a welcome for its successor.

Mr. Bridges has lavished the resources of a fine poetic talent on the *Ode to Music* (Elkin Mathews), written for last year's bi-centenary commemoration of Purcell. The plan and execution are alike elaborate. A prose analysis prefixed to the Ode describes it as an invitation to Music to return to us so that England shall again be pre-eminent for music as she was in the sixteenth century. Her return is invoked in the names of Liberty, Poetry, and her own. "With Liberty is associated the idea of the Forest, with Poetry that of pastoral scenes and husbandry, and the Sea is introduced as the type of love at once isolating our patriotism and making our bond with the rest of the world." To say nothing of the sequel, which includes a fine lament over the lot of man, the whole closing with a "picture of the ideal world of delight created by Art," here is ample scope for a true poet, such as Mr. Bridges is. His Ode—"linked sweetness long drawn out"—is full of bright pictures and noble thoughts. With all its beauty and suggestiveness, ordinary readers, however, may be disposed to find in it one deficiency. Purcell, in honour of whom the Ode is written, is directly referred to only once, and then very briefly. As Gray in his fine ode on the "Progress of Poesy" sang of great poets, with Shakspeare at the head of those of England, surely it would have been well if Mr. Bridges had devoted if only one strophe to great

campaigning, sporting—is simply but effectively brought before you. Mr. Clairmonte's experience of the Matabili and of the Boers is worth noting, since it was antecedent to the events which have coloured English views of the two peoples. For the Matabili he has nothing but praise as a fine race. Of the Boer, however, at least of the Boer of the Transvaal, he says hard things. "He is a low, murderous, incestuous (I use the word in its most literal sense), cowardly demi-savage." That is the "Dopper" or "Trek Boer"; the Free State Boer "is somewhat better, while those in the old Colony, called Dutch-Africans, are almost on a level with the English Africaner." Mr. Clairmonte endorses the charge against the Boers of savage ill-usage of the natives. They flog the wretched creatures regularly, occasionally shoot them, and sometimes even "krink" them. "To 'krink' is the most dreadful punishment that can be inflicted. The head of the victim is tied to the off hind wheel of a wagon, and his feet to the off front wheel. The pole is then pulled over to the near side. The torture entailed by this process is somewhat similar to that of the old-fashioned rack."

*Behind the Magic Mirror* (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.), as an *exposé* of Spiritualism, Theosophy, etc., is as candid as it is clever. It does not deny—for there is no denying—that some of the intermittent manifestations are genuine and inexplicable, but it shows up with telling force their inanity, capriciousness, and demoralising influence. At the same time, we cannot quite understand the position of the author as expressed through her hero—who avows himself an unattached Christian—that "spiritual truths cannot be proved by material means. They belong to another region." But surely, without its miracles, Christianity is simply a revised edition of Buddhism, while, without the miracle of the Resurrection, it is an arch without its key-stone. However, it is as a story the book will be weighed and found far from wanting. Two-thirds of it, indeed, is about as clever in its character-drawing and in the dramatic force of its scenes as it well could be, and, if the *dénouement* is trite and tame it is probably because the author tired of her puppets. The hero's commonplace exposure of the commonplace cheat which drove the heroine into exile and almost to suicide, is unworthy of him and of the author's ingenuity; while the carriage accident and the consequent nursing of the hero, which evoked or revealed the heroine's love, is a cheap piece of stage business to be found in a novel of such exceptional originality and power as "Behind the Magic Mirror."

*The Bamboo Garden* (Macmillan and Co.), exquisitely illustrated by Mr. Alfred Parsons, will be a joy for ever to gardeners and a revelation to the non-gardening world. It seems that the bamboo is cultivated extensively and successfully all over the three kingdoms, and rewards its cultivators by its exquisite grace alone. It is an interestingly odd plant, flowering rarely, but at the same precise moment all over Europe and Africa! In 1868 flowers appeared on plants as far apart as Paris and Marseilles in France and in the Government Gardens of the Hamma at Algiers at the same precise moment. Again, it no sooner flowers than it dies. M. St. Hilaire passed through a Brazilian forest of bamboos fifty feet high in full flower, but on his return a few months later the entire forest had disappeared. This beautifully got-up book promises to make the cultivation of the bamboo more and more fashionable and successful.

If poetic justice had not tragically disposed of Lady Maud in *Two Women and a Man* (Walter Scott, Limited), she would have cynically rechristened the story "A Donkey between Two Bundles of Hay." Certainly Paul, for whom, as his evil angel, she fights so hard, as against his guardian angel of a wife, is a feeble creature, whose loyalty is hardly a match for his vanity. But he is none the less natural and alive. Yet more natural, alive, and lively is Lady Maud, as masterly a sketch of a heartless and vicious flirt as could well be drawn; while Paul's wife and good angel, Evelyn Fane, is set over against her in admirable contrast to "show us how divine a thing a woman may be made." Whether any woman, except the patient Griselda, would have invited such a creature as Maud, knowing her past, and knowing also her power and her purpose, into the house with so feeble a husband as Paul, is more than doubtful. There is no doubt, however, of the general lifelikeness of this very clever little story.

The chief fault to be found with the latest addition to the dainty "Iris Library," *The Witch of Withyford* (J. M. Dent), is the gratuitous introduction of a witch into Withyford. Never was there a grosser violation of the Horatian "Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus incidit," since the charming heroine was kidnapped in her infancy from the most commonplace of motives and in the most commonplace of ways. The "witch," jealous not without reason of the Squire's young bride, broods over her wrongs till the birth of a girl gave her the chance of revenge. "I then sold myself to the devil," she confesses on her death-bed, "but I b'ain't going to say how"; but the reader is perplexed to know, not how, but why. She needed no special satanic assistance in order to drug the drink of the only other servant left in the house, and, while she slept, to hand the baby over to the accomplice she had arranged with. However, the witch is the only personage the reader wishes away in Miss Gratiana Chanter's pretty little story.



WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. VI.—MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Photographed by F. Holtzer from the portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A.

Mr. Swinburne is a son of the late Adm'ral Charles Henry Swinburne and grandson of Sir John Edward Swinburne, Bart., of Capheaton, in the county of Northumberland, to which his Muse has frequently paid honour. His mother was a daughter of the third Earl of Ashburnham, and he was born in 1837. At the age of twenty he entered at Balliol College, Oxford, and after leaving the University spent some time in foreign travel, which included a sojourn with Walter Savage Landor in Florence. In 1861 he published two plays, "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamund," but his work did not attract much critical attention until the appearance, three years later, of "Atalanta in Calydon," which proclaimed the advent of a new poet of the finest gifts. In 1836 the famous "Poems and Ballads" confirmed his reputation. His later works include "Songs Before Sunrise," "Bothwell," "Mary Stuart," "Tristram of Lyonesse," "Astrophel," and other volumes of verse, lyrical and dramatic, together with several volumes of prose essays. His latest poem, "The Tale of Balen," is reviewed in these columns.

musicians, or at least to Purcell as at the head of those of England. In the invocation which Mr. Bridges makes Sorrow address to Music are the lines—

Lament, fair-hearted Queen, lament with me;  
For when thy seer died no song was sung,  
Nor for our heroes fal'n by land or sea  
Hath honour found a tongue,  
Nor aught of beauty for their tomb can frame  
Worthy their noble name.

Why should not Mr. Bridges have seized the opportunity to do for Music's chief English "seer" what was left undone by Purcell's own generation and all those that have followed it?

In these days, when a battle is followed by a newspaper account of it almost as quickly as the flash of its cannon by the report, it is odd to come upon a Rip-van-Winkle description of the blunders of Chelmsford and Durnford, the heroism of Bromhead and Chard, the disaster of Isandula, and the Spartan stand at Rorke's Drift. Nevertheless, *The Africander* (Fisher Unwin) is as opportune as it is interesting, since Africa, both commercially and politically, is more to the front to-day than ever, and since there is hardly anything African which Mr. Clairmonte has not been or seen. The apology for his style with which he prefaces his adventures is as uncalled for as it is modest, for everything he describes—farming, mining,



# THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

*From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.*



Rundle Pasha.

The Sirdar.

Captain Watson, A.D.C.

THE RAILWAY TO AKASHEH.



THE MILITARY HEADQUARTERS AT AKASHEH.



# WRECK OF THE "DRUMMOND CASTLE" OFF THE ISLAND OF USHANT.

## THE DANGERS OF THE BRETON COAST.

The wreck of the *Drummond Castle*, with the loss of nearly 250 lives, which took place near Ushant, the westerly point of the French coast at the extremity of Brittany, where the ship, on her voyage homeward from Capetown, should have turned her course, after crossing the Bay of Biscay, to enter the British Channel, is one of the worst maritime disasters of late years. It is sufficiently narrated in the account given upon another page; but we must here describe the position of that dangerous group of rocky islets and submerged reefs, with strong and changeable tidal sea-currents running swiftly between them, amidst which the ill-fated vessel was caught and suddenly destroyed. Ushant itself is a small island, with a powerful lighthouse for the guidance of navigators, who are accustomed to pass this light on their starboard side before they steer westward into the Channel; but several other little islands lie quite near it, one being Molène, to the south-east of



PUTTING ON THE LIFE-BELT BEFORE STARTING FOR THE AR-MEN LIGHTHOUSE.

Ushant, with granite rocks between them not visible at high water, scattered over a space of several leagues. What makes the labyrinth of channels, winding through these masses of granite, still more perilous, is the daily occurrence, at every rising tide, of a huge Atlantic Ocean wave, which forms a current moving with a velocity of five or six knots an hour in the Strait of the Fromveur, between Ushant and Molène, and beating violently upon the rocks of Trielent, Benignet, and others, which to the south of Molène, at a distance of from ten to twenty miles, stand opposite the mainland, outside the Channel du Four and the ap-

proach to the harbour of Brest. The arrival of this tidal wave at Ushant is usually almost simultaneous with low tide at Brest, and its water then speedily fills the wide sea-basin called the Iroise, to which the bay of Douarnenez and the inlet of Brest harbour belong, so as to make very rough water if there chance to be a contrary wind. The Iroise and its inner bay are, to the south, partly enclosed by another promontory, extending nearly as far westward as that opposite shore, northward, on which Le Conquet is situated and outside of which lie the Ushant group of islands. The Pointe du Raz, which is here the most westerly extremity, has lying beyond it, seaward, nearly opposite to Ushant, a similarly appended islet called Sein, with a channel which the engineering plans and labours of the French Government have endeavoured to render safe, as well as the channel of Le Four, with a view to enable shipping to avoid the outer course round Ushant, and to pass quite inside of all the rocks and islands, steering due north from the Pointe du Raz, across the Iroise, to the mainland Pointe de St. Mathieu, and thence by the channel of Le Four to the British Channel. Along this inner route, by the care of the Ministerial Department of Ponts et Chaussées, forty-eight lighthouses have been erected; and that one which was completed in 1892, after thirty-two years' labours, upon the Ar-men rock, in the channel of Sein, is a work so grand and so useful that it well deserves to be represented in our Illustrations. The Ar-men rock, which presents a face quite perpendicular on the side towards the Isle of Sein, was very difficult to approach, from the violence of the currents by which it is surrounded, and there were but few days when the labourers and workmen could do anything there, even at the most favourable times of the year. When they began, in 1867, it was necessary for the men to lie upon narrow shelves put up against the face of the cliff, and to cut at the



LANDING AT THE AR-MEN LIGHTHOUSE.



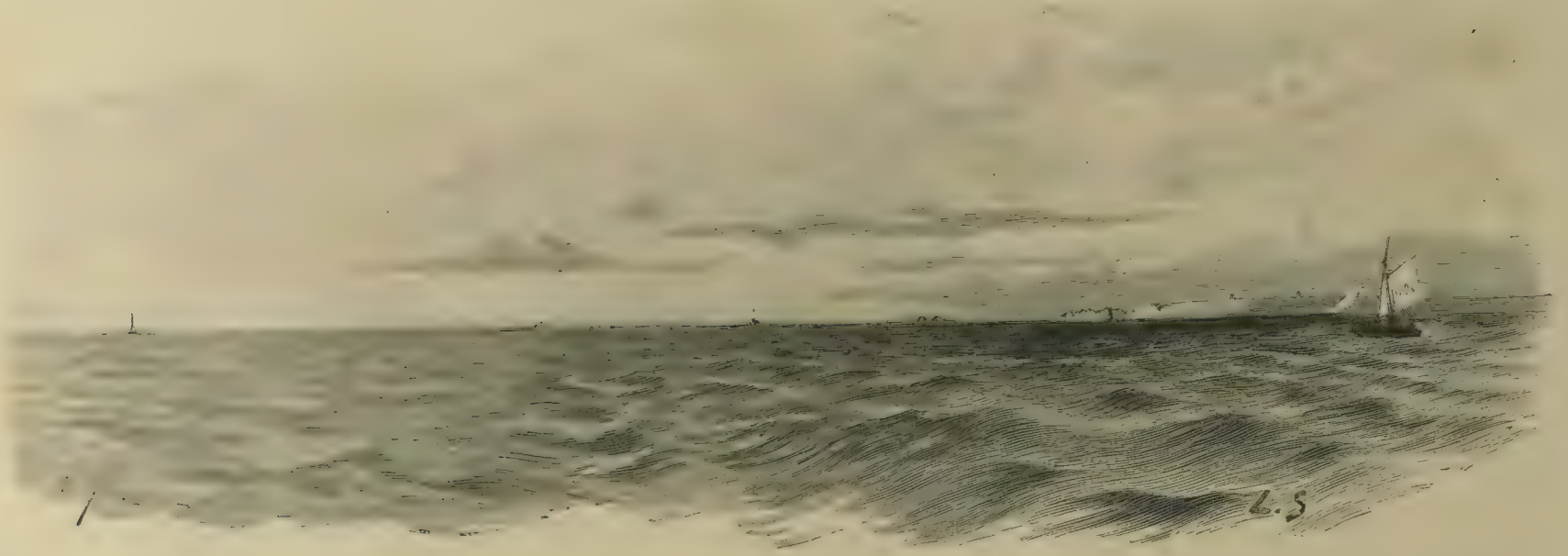


WRECK OF THE "DRUMMOND CASTLE" OFF THE ISLAND OF USHANT.

*From Information Specially Supplied to "The Illustrated London News" by Mr. Marguardt, the only Surviving Passenger.*



# WRECK OF THE "DRUMMOND CASTLE" OFF THE ISLAND OF USHANT.



VIEW OF THE SEIN RACE, SHOWING THE EFFECT OF THE SIDE CURRENT, EIGHT KNOTS AN HOUR.

rock with one hand, making holes in it for the insertion of iron beams which were to support the superstructure, hanging above the water. All parts of the iron fabric to be put together were brought thither by a special steam-boat, which anchored in the channel as close to the rock as it could, and were hoisted up by powerful machinery to their appointed position until the edifice

was finished. Great praise is due to the French Government engineers and to the contractor, M. Probesteau, for this very arduous and laborious work. Its utility, at least for the service of all vessels seeking the harbour of Brest from the southward, returning from an Atlantic voyage or from the Mediterranean, would seem to be proved beyond doubt; and it may possibly be thought

worth while to consider the advantages of the inner passage, instead of going round Ushant, for some British vessels and those of other foreign nations. Any good map, such as that given in the "Universal Atlas," published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., Limited, will show the position of the localities in north-west France which are named in this account.

Mr. T. C. Peachey and daughter.

Mr. W. C. Peachey.

Mr. F. T. Peachey and daughter.

\*Nelly Peachey.

\*Miss Peachey.



\*Mrs. T. C. Peachey and son.

Mrs. Hindson and son.

\*Mr. Thomas Peachey.

Mr. Hindson.

\*Mrs. Peachey.

Mrs. Stanton and daughter.

Mrs. F. T. Peachey and daughter.

\*Rosie Peachey.

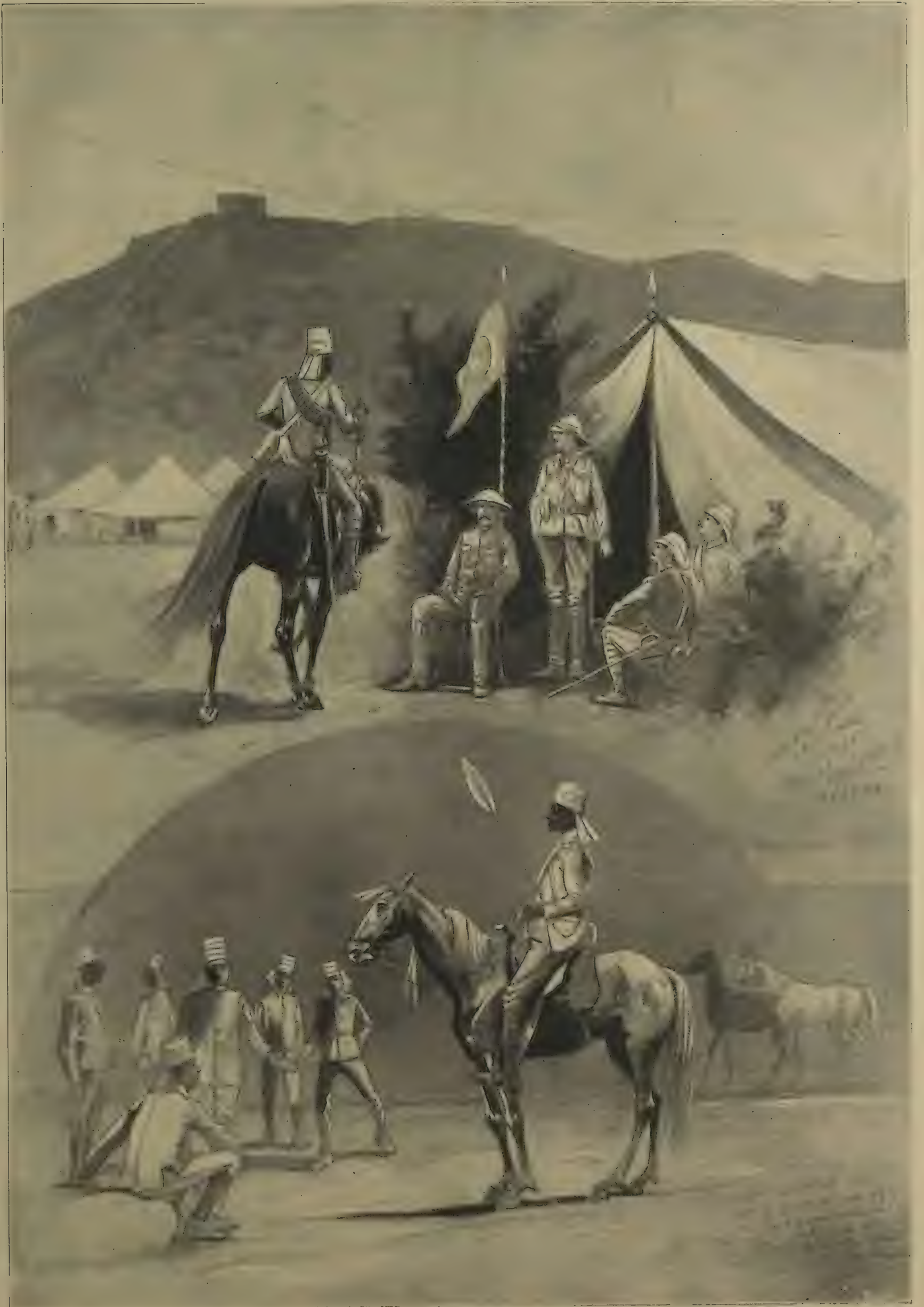
MR. THOMAS PEACHEY AND HIS FAMILY: CORNISH SETTLERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Those marked \* were returning from the Cape, and were among those lost in the wreck of the "Drummond Castle."



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

*From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Spings Wright.*



SCENES AT AKASHEH.



## WRECK OF THE "DRUMMOND CASTLE."

One of the most terrible of modern disasters at sea has now been added to the list of painful events by which the present year has been signalised, and by a tragic coincidence the new catastrophe brings sorrow in especial degree to British homes whose interests are divided between the mother-country and her South African settlements. Shortly before midnight on Tuesday, June 16, the Castle Line steamer *Drummond Castle*, homeward bound from Delagoa Bay, Natal, and Capetown, struck on a rock off Ushant and sank in about three minutes with all her passengers and crew save three persons. The whole disaster happened so quickly that but little account can be given of its circumstances, but the details supplied by the survivors, Quartermaster Charles Wood, J. Godbolt, seaman, and a Mr. Marquardt, passenger, are as follows:

The *Drummond Castle*, one of the Castle Line intermediate steamers, sailed from Capetown on May 28, bearing officers and crew numbering 104 all told, and 143 passengers. The vessel arrived at Las Palmas on June 12, after a good voyage, and left again before nightfall of the same day. There was a fine rain on the evening of the fatal day, and as the night advanced a heavy mist prevailed. The water was smooth, however, and full speed was maintained. About eleven o'clock, when most of the passengers were still up, the vessel suddenly struck violently upon a rock with such dire effect that she immediately began to settle down, bows foremost. The commander, Captain Pierce, who, with all his crew, seems to have behaved with admirable self-possession and courage, at once realised that there was no possibility of righting the vessel, and ordered the boats to be launched. A scene of heart-rending horror followed. The devouring sea poured in so fast that the boats were swamped before they could be got out, and amid agonised cries, men, women, and children were engulfed in the wreck. Some jumped into the sea in order to get clear of the sinking vessel, but even of these only the three already mentioned escaped alive. Quartermaster Wood was in the act of loosing the cutter when she was dragged down by the sinking ship, and he only jumped clear of her just in time. On some floating debris he found the sailor Godbolt, and together they kept afloat on their raft of refuge until they were picked up by some fishermen the next morning and landed on the island of Molène. Mr. Marquardt, the only other survivor, was rescued by another fishing-boat.

The little island of Molène is the nearest point of land to the rocks upon which the *Drummond Castle* was wrecked, and upon its rocky coast, some two hundred yards wide, many of the dead bodies of the sea's victims have been washed up. The men of the island were out at sea, fishing, when the first bodies were discovered, and the work of carrying them ashore was done by the women of the island with the aid of their priest, the Abbé Le Jeune. The corpses were reverently laid out in one of the houses of the village, the islanders placing crucifixes near them, and on the following day the Abbé held a solemn funeral service, and the dead were buried in a number of graves, without coffins, owing to the scarcity of wood on the island, but with all the care and reverence that the simple fisher population could show. The island of Ushant lies to the north-west of Molène, and bodies have been washed ashore both there and at other spots. Ushant has long been known amongst seamen as a dangerous point to be approached with due caution, owing to its surrounding rocks and the strong currents which play in its immediate neighbourhood. Vessels approaching, therefore, keep carefully to the west of the Ushant Light. With this precaution, Ushant is constantly weathered by ships of all kinds, as one of the horns of the Bay of Biscay. Homeward-bound vessels approach the point that their passage may be signalled, and it seems probable that as the *Drummond Castle* held on her way with this object in view she was carried out of her proper course by the combined effects of mist and current. The survivors attest the fact that no lights had been sighted when the vessel struck the reef, known as one of the Pierres Vertes. This group of rocks lies at the southern entrance of the Fromveur Sound, which separates Ushant from the neighbouring islands. The reef is south-east of the southern point of Ushant, and has long been well known as a dangerous one. It is,

therefore, impossible to think that Captain Pierce could deliberately have taken such a course, more especially since he was one of the most tried and trusted officers of the Castle Line Company, in whose service he had been for many years.

The news of the terrible wreck caused a most painful



THE LATE LORD LILFORD.

Photo Russell and Sons, Laker Street.

sensation in London, and, indeed, throughout England, and much sympathy was expressed for Sir Donald Currie and the company. The *Drummond Castle* was well known to many people besides the mourners of its dead crew and passengers, having been a familiar object in the company's docks on the Thames. She was not one of the company's largest vessels, but one of its intermediate steamers, which call at Las Palmas instead of at Madeira, and then make straight for London without calling at Plymouth, as is the custom of the mail steam-ships of the Castle Line. The vessel was built in 1881 by Messrs. Elder and Co., of Glasgow,

## THE LATE LORD LILFORD.

It has been said that Lord Lilford, who died on June 16 at his Northamptonshire seat, Lilford Hall, near Oundle, knew more about birds and their habits than any other man in the Upper House, but it would be quite appropriate to compare him with a far larger aggregate of his contemporaries and still affirm the superiority of his knowledge. For the late Peer was one of the most distinguished ornithologists of our time, as well as an accomplished naturalist generally, and a writer of considerable scientific authority upon all matters geological. From his youth upwards Lord Lilford's chief interests centred in his natural history studies, of which ornithology came in the course of time to be his favourite branch. To the scientific study of the birds of Great Britain he made many valuable contributions, and his elaborate work, "Coloured Figures of the Birds of the British Islands," is still in course of publication, though now nearing its completion, the thirty-second part having been issued in the spring of the present year. This work may be regarded as the chief accomplishment of Lord Lilford's life. His other contributions to the literature of natural history include a valuable volume on the birds of Northamptonshire, and many articles and notes published in the *Ibis*, the journal of the British Ornithologists' Union, of which he was for a number of years President. To this paper he sent the results of many important observations of the birds of Spain and other Continental countries. He also contributed to the *Zoologist* and to the "Proceedings" of the Zoological Society. Of recent years the sphere of Lord Lilford's activities was sadly restricted. Never entirely robust in health, he was latterly crippled by rheumatic gout, but the splendid store of knowledge which he had accumulated in earlier years stood him in good stead and enabled him to pursue his projected labours even after he became an invalid.

Lilford Hall has for many years been the home of a remarkably fine collection of living animals and birds, many of them of great rarity; while the cases of stuffed specimens form a most valuable museum. Here, amid his treasures, as he would have wished, Lord Lilford passed away; but though he had made his headquarters on this picturesque Northamptonshire estate for a long period, he also owned a still finer property in Lancashire, in addition to the lands of the Fox family in Wiltshire and St. Ann's Hill, Chertsey, the home of Charles James Fox. The two latter estates he inherited respectively from his aunt, the last Lady Holland, and his brother, the Hon. Leopold Fox-Powys, who died only three years ago. Lord Lilford—Thomas Lyttleton Henry Powys, fourth Baron—was born sixty-three years ago. His father was the third Baron Lilford and his mother was the daughter of the third Lord Holland, hence his ultimate succession to the Fox property, to which reference has already been made. Lord Lilford's first wife was a Miss Brandling, of Low Gosforth, Northumberland, whose son, Captain the Hon. John Powys, now succeeds to the title. She died some eleven years ago, and the late peer subsequently married a daughter of Mr. Ker Baillie-Hamilton.

A stained glass window in joint memory of the late Major Victor Ferguson, who died during the recent Ashanti Expedition, and his father, the late Colonel J. S. Ferguson, has been placed by his mother, Lady Paston Cooper, in Polebrook Church, near Oundle.

At a meeting held to discuss the Education Bill the Rev. C. W. Brooke, of Stroud Green, said it was a terrible fact that Church people were utterly apathetic at the present time about the passing of the Bill. One clergyman expressed doubts about Clause 27. He did not see how Jewish children could be taught the Jewish religion in a Church school. The idea of allowing the religion most opposed to Christianity to be taught in Christian schools was to him most astonishing. A Cardiff layman strongly defended the clause. He said it was perfectly true that in most country places Dissenters would not teach Church children their own religion, and that to get the right of teaching the Catholic faith in Board Schools, it was worth while to submit to the slight inconvenience that might arise from the energy of Dissenting preachers in country parishes. In large districts of Wales the School Board was in possession, and the Church children were handed over to "the tender mercies of Dissent."



THE CAPE LINER "DRUMMOND CASTLE," WRECKED OFF USHANT, JUNE 16.

and was entered upon the Admiralty lists as a first-class transport. Subscription lists have been opened both in London and in Capetown for the relief of the families whose tragic bereavement is accompanied by financial distress. The Castle Company and Sir Donald Currie himself have headed the list with handsome contributions, and other generous aid has been given.

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## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I fancy it must be difficult for any writer free to choose his own subject to avoid swelling the wail of sorrow which has arisen through the land at the loss of the *Drummond Castle*. There are calamities the direct consequences of which, though terrible enough, only affect a comparatively small section of the community, but which, nevertheless, stir a whole nation to her depths as no battle, however disastrous, could stir her—as no political event of the greatest magnitude could move her.

I feel certain that I do not exaggerate when I say that the foundering of that good ship comes within this description. In vain does one ransack one's mind for a more terrible catastrophe, as if the finding of such could lessen our poignant sorrow at this one, and the mind happily fails to supply it. The mind at best brings only the remembrance of a few parallels in which the "eleventh hour" to repent and to make their peace with their Creator was ruthlessly denied to the victims. Personally, I only recollect two, in which a mass of unconscious humanity, wrapped in deep sleep, or perhaps dreaming of warm welcome from expectant friends, was hurled from life into eternity without that moment of transition for which even the most sceptical and doubting instinctively wish—nay, pray. The one is known to the world at large as the Tay Bridge disaster; the other, perhaps not so well remembered by now, was the foundering of the *Dunbar*.

The latter-mentioned tragedy bears the closer resemblance to that of last week. I am not absolutely certain of the year in which it happened, but have an idea it was in '57, at which time I was a mere lad, though for reasons not necessary to relate here it made a great impression upon me; and when, some score of years later, I met with a printed account of it, I preserved it carefully.

The *Dunbar* was what nowadays we should call a fashionable liner. She plied regularly between London and Sydney, and on her last voyage out the greater part of her passengers consisted of well-to-do colonists and their families returning home. She was, apparently, nearer her journey's end when the crash came than the *Drummond Castle*, for, when the passengers retired on that night, they expected to be in the smooth waters of Port Jackson at their awakening. They never did awaken, for a few hours later they and the vessel that bore them had vanished from the face of the waters, and every living soul she carried with her, with the exception of one, was lost. That one saved was a sailor, who had no tale to tell, who hardly knew the passengers by sight.

This much, however, he knew. "He was keeping his watch" when the look-out shouted "Breakers ahead!" Looking up he saw the headland towering right over them. So near was it, in fact, that, by running up the jib (jib-boom?) and leaping he succeeded in landing in a cleft in the cliff. He knew that the boatswain had followed him, but when he looked round he could neither see his comrade nor anyone else. In fact the whole of the vessel had disappeared in the space of one or two minutes—that is, before he had time to collect his thoughts. She had disappeared in silence, for though it was a wild night and the heavy, shifting, southerly gale was blowing hard, the man opined that he would have heard a cry had there been one.

He was taken off the rock after two days' exposure, and from his tale it was surmised "that the captain, anxious to save a day in his run, and perhaps to get out of the bad weather, was hugging the coast, looking for 'the Heads,' and that, confused by the shifting clouds, he mistook a sudden dip in the coast-line, some half-mile south of the real entrance, called 'the Gap,' for 'the Heads' themselves. There can hardly be a second opinion as to the impropriety of this conduct," adds my informant, commenting upon the master's surmised motives, "but he went down with his ship, and all inquiry was useless."

From what I have read, I am afraid that a similar suspicion of wishing to save a day in his run attaches to the memory of Captain Pierce. Luckily for it, there are three survivors of the wreck itself, besides the keeper of the lighthouse on Ushant, to clear his memory, if possible. Curiously enough, it is not so many years ago that the testimony of the latter, even if it had been tendered, would not have been accepted without reservations by those competent in such matters: for at that time the inhabitants of all those islands dotting the entrance to the channels—Ushant, Molène, Le Conquet, etc.—did not enjoy a very enviable reputation. In a work published by M. Pol de Courcy, entitled "La Bretagne Contemporaine," the date of which cannot be ascertained from the title-page, the author frames a serious indictment against the majority of the dwellers in these regions. "The *Paganis* (Pagans) constitute a population apart, which extends from Trefflez to the east, to Plonguerneau and the mouth of the Aber-Vrac'h, to the west. Accustomed from their infancy to look upon the ocean as their tributary, 'as a cow which has calved for their benefit,' to use their own forcible language; accustomed to do what they saw their fathers do, they are far from understanding the atrocity of their habits" (as wreckers).

Then there follows a graphic description of their dress and their mode of action. I may point out that M. Pol de Courcy was an accredited writer on Brittany, and that he contributed as late as thirty years ago to the well-known French *Baedeker* ("Guide Joanne") some very remarkable articles on the country of his birth, so that his assertions must not be dismissed as pure fiction. It is a consolation to be able to give them an absolute denial now in view of the magnificent and thoroughly humane conduct of those sturdy Bretons as displayed last week.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

MARTIN F.—We are glad to hear you are "at it" again, and welcome your return to our list of solvers.

H. TUXEN (Newcastle).—You are quite right about No. 2721, the dual on White's second move is a serious flaw.

H. T. BAILEY (Kentish Town).—Problem shall be examined.

E. W. BURNELL (Edgbaston).—1. Q to R 7th is another move by which your problem is solved.

E. P. VILLIAMY.—1. R to K B 4th yields a second solution to your problem, while your own is full of duals.

W. A. CLARK (Molesley).—Marked for insertion.

W. S. BRANCH (Cheltenham).—Both problems shall appear as soon as possible.

REGINALD KELLY (of Kelly).—Very good indeed, and marked for early publication.

W. CLUGSTON (Belfast).—Your problem is too elementary for this column.

G. MORLEY (Surrey).—Your problem admits of two solutions besides your own—by 1. Q to R 3rd or 1. Q to Kt 2nd.

J. M. K. LUPTON.—We hope to find room for your last contribution at no distant date.

W. FINLAYSON (Edinburgh).—Delayed, but not forgotten.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2722 received from James M. K. Lupton (Richmond), F. Glanville, J. F. Moon, and W. C. D. Smith (Northampton); of No. 2723 from E. G. Boys, J. F. Moon, James M. K. Lupton, J. Bailey (Newark), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Castle Lea, C. W. Smith (Stroud), Emile Frau (Lyons), C. M. A. B., A. J. Murton (Merthyr Tydfil), W. H. Williamson (Belfast), W. Rabson (Willesborough), C. E. H. (Clifton), F. Glanville, and Frank Proctor.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2724 received from R. Worters (Canterbury), Joseph T. Pullen (Exeter), J. Sowden, Frank Proctor, W. H. Williamson (Belfast), Dawn, E. B. Foord (Cheltenham), J. S. Wesley (Exeter), H. T. Bailey, H. S. Brandroth, F. A. Carter (Maldon), C. E. H. (Clifton), James M. K. Lupton, F. Waller (Luton), A. J. Murton Emile Frau (Lyons), E. G. Boys, Meursius (Brussels), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Sorrento, Captain Spencer, T. Roberts, H. Le Jeune, M. A. Eyre, Boulogne, S. Davis (Leicester), W. P. Hind, L. Desanges, H. T. Atterbury, Frater, R. H. Brooks, F. Leete (Sudbury), C. E. Perugini, E. P. Vulliamy, M. B. rke, Albert, Ludwig (Alsace), Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), Fred J. Gross, T. Chown, J. F. Moon, Dr. F. St. H. Rodney, Shadforth, W. R. Railton, C. M. A. B., B. Copland (Chelmsford), Hereward, C. C. Massey, Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), W. R. B. (Clifton), J. H. Downes, Alpha, F. W. C. (Edgbaston), Hermit, Castle Lea, W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), Ark Dawson (Horsforth), E. Loudon, M. Kieloff, W. C. D. Smith (Northampton), J. W. B. Lough (Ben Rhydding), and Martin F.

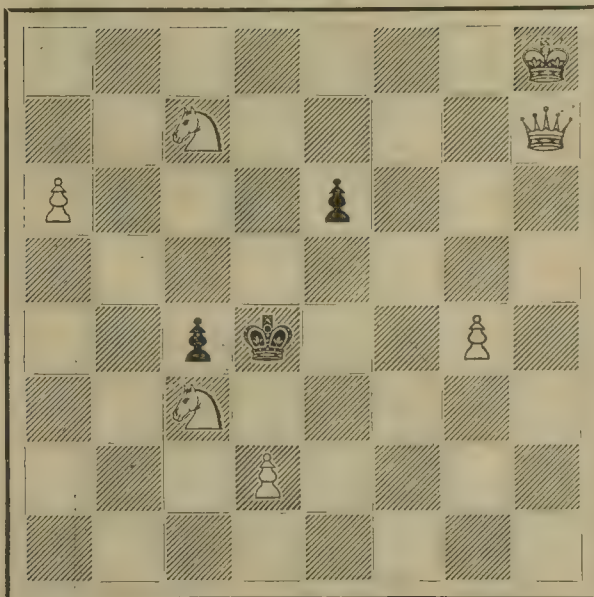
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2723.—By SIGNOR ASPA.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to R 6th K takes Kt  
2. R to Kt 7th K to Q 5th  
3. K to K 6th (dis ch and mate).

PROBLEM No. 2726.

By EUSTACE KING (New Zealand).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN MOSCOW.

Game played between B. GRIGORJEN and S. LEWITZKY.

(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. Kt to K 6th	Kt to K B 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. Kt (at K 4th) to Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd
3. Kt takes P	P to Q 3rd	17. Kt to K 6th	
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt takes P		
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th		
6. B to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd		
7. P to Q B 4th	B to Kt 5th (ch)		
8. B to Q 2nd	Kt takes B		
9. Q Kt takes Kt	P takes P		
Black's initial mistake appears to be this unnecessary capture. B to K Kt 5th was more forcible. White now gets a good open game.			
10. B takes P	Castles	17. B takes P (ch)	P takes Kt
11. Castles	P to Q Kt 3rd	18. B takes P (ch)	K to R sq
It is unusual to develop the Q B to Kt 2nd in the Petroff.			
12. Kt to K 4th	B to K 2nd	19. Kt to K 5th	Kt to K 5th
13. Q to Q 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	20. Kt to Kt 6th (ch)	K to R 2nd
14. K R to Ksq	R Kt to Q 2nd	21. R takes Kt	R to K B 3rd
15. Q R to Q 4		22. R to Kt 4th	Resigns

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the Divan between Mr. S. TINSLEY and an AMATEUR.

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Amateur).	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Amateur).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. Q to R 5th	B to K B 4th
2. P to K B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	14. B takes B	B to Kt 3rd
This, of course, is not one of the best defences. The Pawn is usually taken, or the alternative, B to B 4th, may be recommended.			
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	15. Q takes B	
4. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 2nd	A very pretty termination, especially as any other course meant certain defeat. It is rendered possible by Black's undeveloped Queen's side.	
5. B to B 4th	Castles	16. R takes R (ch)	Q takes R
6. Castles	P takes P	17. B takes Q	K takes B
7. P to Q 4th	Kt takes P	18. Kt to K 6th (ch)	K to K 2nd
8. B takes P	Kt takes Kt	19. Kt takes B P	Resigns.
9. P takes Kt	P to Q 4th		
10. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd		
11. B takes P (ch)	K takes B		
12. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)	K to Kt sq		

In the recently concluded tournament at the Divan, Mr. Van Vliet and Mr. Lee tied for second and third prizes, with a score of  $\frac{5}{8}$  each, out of eleven games played.

Parliamentary circles, in addition to the ordinary political stir, have been much interested in a chess match between the Government and the Opposition. The latter, reversing the Lobby procedure, proved successful by a considerable majority.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In the pages of the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* Dr. Waldo and a colleague make a very necessary and vigorous protest against the exclusion of measles from the list of infectious diseases which are subject to legal notification. The general idea about measles has been that it is a mild infectious disorder, which may very well be omitted from the list of ailments that require due notification to the authorities. This belief is not warranted by facts. Dr. Waldo justly remarks that measles is responsible for a very high mortality among children, and especially among children of the poor; and his plea is for notification of measles all round. Certain towns have included measles in the schedule of ailments demanding statutory attention, but the majority of health boards seem to lean to the side of regarding measles as a trivial complaint of no importance.

I trust one effect of Dr. Waldo's paper will be that of correcting this notion. Measles is an ailment which does not depend on bad drainage, or on other insanitary environments. It offers a typical example of a purely epidemic disorder which, like the wind, blows where it lists, and defies research into its goings and its comings. All the more reason then, seeing our helplessness in the matter of its causation, that we should deal at once and actively with the very beginnings of an epidemic of measles; and we can only tackle the beginnings when we are informed at once of the occurrence of an outbreak. This information will never be forthcoming until we make notification of measles compulsory all round. Then, perhaps, in place of wholesale epidemics and a high death-rate, we will have our few cases only, and in place of closed schools and much expense and misery, find a very brief record of youthful troubles.

Professor S. P. Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, has apparently been experimenting in a highly successful manner in the problems of mechanical flight. He has constructed an aërodrome, or flying machine, built chiefly of steel, and "not supported by any gas or by any means but its steam-engine." The engine is between one and two horse-power and weighs less than 7 lb., every detail—firegrate, boilers, etc.—being included in this estimate. The engine turns propellers, which move the flying machine forward, and "it is sustained by the reaction of the air under its supporting surfaces." Mr. Langley's difficulty so far, appears to have been one of condensing his used steam, so that there is great waste of water, and the aërodrome cannot sustain itself in the air, therefore, for any length of time. When this defect has been remedied there will, of course, be an obvious possibility of successfully undertaking prolonged flights.

Professor A. Graham Bell has confirmed the opinions above expressed regarding the aërodrome. He witnessed flights made on the Potomac River on May 6. Two ascensions were made with the aërodrome, whose weight inclusive is set down at 25 lb., the distance from tip to tip of the "wings" being 12 ft. or 14 ft. Mr. Bell reiterates the fact that the flight was due to propulsion by the aerial screw propellers. The machine started from a platform 20 ft. above the water, rising at first directly in the face of the wind. It moved very steadily, and swung round in curves of perhaps 100 yards diameter, continually ascending until its steam was exhausted. It was then raised about 80 ft. or 100 ft. in the air, and when the propellers ceased to act the aërodrome simply settled down in the gentlest possible manner, and touched the water without any shock at all.

In a second trial, the aërodrome ascended again in the face of the wind, and its motion, Mr. Bell says, was so steady that he thinks a glass of water on its surface would have remained unspilled. At the end of its steam resources, the machine settled calmly and quietly down on the water as before. It was then high over the tree-tops, say some twenty or thirty feet, but it reached the water in ninety-one seconds "from the time it started at a measured distance of over 900 ft. from the point at which it rose." The actual length of flight expended on the curves already noted was estimated at 3000 ft.; each flight, therefore, exceeded half an English mile. The velocity was between twenty and twenty-five miles an hour. I think we may agree that Professor Langley's invention seems to have brought aerial locomotion within the range of the strictly practicable.

I have been reading a highly interesting article by Mr. E. D. T. Chambers, in *Harper's Magazine* for June, dealing with the occurrence of a salmon species—the *Onananie*—in land-locked waters. A friend versed in Norwegian fishing matters tells me that salmon occur in similar regions in that country. The visitation of these fishes to the sea has therefore become abrogated; or it may be contended, on the other hand, that the seaward migration of the salmon is itself an acquired habit, and that the natural life of the fish, minus any marine journeyings, is represented in the case of those species or forms which do not visit the sea at all. Dr. Günther, however, tells us of marine fishes which have been permanently retained in fresh water in consequence of geological changes cutting them off from the sea. The *Cottus quadricornis* of the big Scandinavian lakes is such an acclimatised species; and there are species (*Gobius*, *Blennius*, etc.) thus imprisoned in the North Italian lakes. In the inland lakes of the Fiji Islands, a shark species has permanently taken up its abode in fresh water. These instances illustrate an interesting problem in animal variation; and, as the whole future of evolution depends on the variability of species, such items of zoological lore become of high importance to the naturalist in view of his researches into the causes which have made the world of life what it is.

Two recently published books which may be recommended to my readers interested in science studies are "Fear" by Angelo Mosso (Longmans), and "The Evolution of Bird Song" by Charles Mitchell (A. and C. Black). Each work presents a study of instructive nature in physiology and natural history science respectively.



PICTURES IN THE NEW GALLERY.

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A SHORT CUT TO THE SEA, CLOVELLY.  
CESARE T. G. FORMILLI.



A LITTLE GIRL.—W. LLEWELLYN.



A FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE, CLOVELLY.  
CESARE T. G. FORMILLI.



LILIES OF DAMASCUS.—HERBERT SCHMALZ.



THE QUARREL.—CLAUDIUS HARPER.





1. The Seven Churches.  
4. The Meeting of the Waters.

2. The Northern Entrance to the old Episcopal City of Glendalough.  
5. Glendalough.

3. The Stream, Glendalough.  
6. The Vale of Clara.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THOMAS MOORE: GLENDALOUGH.



## THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

I am going to keep my promise and refer again to gowns for Henley. Although I recognise that the limitations to such costume should be strict, the details may be varied. Take, for instance, the blue serge frock—which, indeed, we shall all of us take—its diversities are practically endless. Under its plainest aspect of Eton jacket, simple skirt, and white shirt it is attractive when crowned with



A BOATING COSTUME.

the most ordinary of sailor hats; but it may be by the skilful addition of an inner waistcoat of scarlet and white striped flannel and gold buttons be rendered at once somewhat out of the common; then a waistcoat of orange-coloured cloth treated in the same fashion may be cordially recommended to notice. But waistcoats look better under coats with basques than under coats of the Eton shape, these latter seeming to call rather for the simple shirt. Simple shirts are very rare. You may go into three of the leading West-End shops without being able to discover one—this I know from personal experience. The ordinary shirt of ordinary holland is an unknown quantity, unless you have it specially made for you. Grass-lawn may be met, but it is grass-lawn as a rule embroidered, tucked, gathered, spotted, trimmed with lace—in fact, treated in any but the simple style which should mark the shirt on the river. Beneath a jacket the thinner batiste shirt is most desirable, and these look best when set into three large tucks on either side, mauve being, without doubt, the most attractive shade, though a light colour of butcher-blue runs it very closely. Specially designed as a boating costume which shall not comprise a coat and skirt is that dress sketched here, made of blue canvas trimmed with insertions of white linen braided in black; the hems on the blue canvas are also made of the white linen, and the style, although really not the Princess, appears to tend that way. The Princess fashion of gown has a certain vogue just now. The French people make these for the most part in shot silks with lace or net fichus. A great fault I have to find with the costumes over the water—I must stop to mention this fact—is the enormous ruffle; this, in spite of the promise of various authorities, continues to be adopted by the world fashionable. It is very ugly; it does not suit one woman in a dozen, and in the warm weather it cannot be considered comfortable to wear, being almost as hot as the fur boa. Having found fault with one of their styles I proceed gratefully to acknowledge their fancy for foulard. This patterned in weird-looking flowers and figures when of moderate size makes many of the prettiest new gowns. That is a charming style sketched here which was copied from a French model made in the blue-and-white-spotted foulard which time has attached to us, with the belt and revers and cuffs of white corded silk, buttoned with sapphire buttons set round with diamonds; the bodice overhangs the belt, and shows a front of white chiffon, striped with yellow lace; and the hat which crowns it is of blue straw, draped with blue chiffon, edged with cream-coloured lace, with a bunch of green grass and iris at one side. Blue and violet are a very popular combination, and a pleasing change from the eternal union of blue and green, which, although it has nature to justify it in its eternity, is a little monotonous when applied for three consecutive months to millinery. Let me return to my boating frocks, and tell of a white serge skirt, and coat made without any fullness in the basque and a very moderate amount in the sleeves, turning back with straight revers from shoulder to hem, showing a waistcoat, double-breasted, made of pale mauve cloth, with a shirt-front of white tulle with a stripe of

yellow lace down the centre; this, completed with a hat of white or crinoline straw tied round the high crown with black velvet ribbons, with a bunch of white quills at one side and a large cluster of heliotrope at the back, would make an excellent costume.

It does not require a very remarkable prophet to assert that grass-lawn will be ordered by the mile for Henley. The grass-lawn skirt is purchasable ready made from some two guineas, and is to be found under the most simple and the most ornate circumstances. Some of these boast stripes of lace and narrow baby-ribbon from hem to waist; others, and perhaps these are the more attractive, have little flounces up to the knees, each flounce being edged with lace. Grass-lawn will also look well when striped perpendicularly, that is to say, it will look well for about ten minutes. I do not think that a skirt grass-lawn ever condescends to look well for a much longer period; it assumes a blasé air after it has been sat upon, and it is one of those fabrics only made for standing. Another of such textile delinquents is really alpaca; this creases abominably when it is submitted to the indignity of a seat; and linen is again another stuff which is only made to look at and not to wear, as a skirt, I mean; of course as a bodice all these fabrics are acceptable, but then, at the moment, what fabric is not acceptable as a bodice? We wear the most gorgeous of chiné silks and the most flimsy of chiffons with equal impartiality, proving indeed in most of our costumes that the popularity of the blouse is assured for yet another season.

But three or four letters lie before me, which must be opened. Here I find "Agnes Z." desires me to tell her if grass-lawn ribbon may be purchased by the yard, or if it is only to be found on the best examples of French millinery. Marshall and Snelgrove, in Oxford Street, have it with white, blue, pink, and green borders, and I certainly do agree with her that it is a most excellent thing for trimming plain hats. Again, "Essay" yearns for information on the subject of turn-down linen collars, and I must tell her that certainly I prefer those which are put on over the band of the shirt and have one stud-hole; they are to be found at Redmayne's, in New Bond Street. They have a name which I have absolutely forgotten. And last, but not least, I find that "Pomegranate" would be glad to know if grass-lawn will wash; and I am able to tell her that her laundress can do little to spoil it if plain, but if trimmed with lace, it would be advisable to forward her gown to the cleaner. Then, having done my duty to my fellow-creatures, I may in peace subscribe myself,

PAULINA PRY.

### NOTES.

Nine hundred women guardians and over one hundred women members of School Boards, who were to be removed under the new Education Bill from direct elected control over the education of the children of the nation, are well pleased that it is to be withdrawn for the present. No doubt this element in the volume of opposition will not be forgotten when the Cabinet reconsiders the measure.

Some astonishment has been caused, but quite needlessly, by the application of a woman to sit for a second mate's certificate before the Shipping Board of Australia. I say "needlessly," because there are now ladies in considerable numbers who actually are the masters of their own yachts, personally steering them successfully in races and working them completely. Prominent among these lady navigators is Mrs. Schenley, who races constantly, and for some years past has annually appeared on the winners' list of the Solent. As to the navigating knowledge possible to a woman, there have been a number of cases in which a captain's wife has proved capable of taking command during her husband's serious illness or after his death, and has sailed a large ship safely to port. Moreover, there was, up to some twenty years ago, at the East of London, near the docks, a very noted woman teacher of navigation, Mrs. Taylor, from whom a large number of masters and mates yet living and working received their education and "coaching" for their professional examinations.

Perhaps this instance ought to have proved the possibility of a woman's understanding at least some mathematics. However, any doubts that Mrs. Taylor, teaching her classes of sailor men (too brave and truly manly to mind a woman teaching them), did not quite set aside, are now extinct. A lady, Miss Longbottom, has come out in the mathematical tripos at Cambridge "between the eleventh and thirteenth wranglers." Another lady appears on a level with the twenty-sixth wrangler. No fewer than twelve other ladies' names came out in the list of mathematical honours.

I believe that we may find the whole cause of the modern changes in the position of women in the altered economical conditions of our time. In older days the home was the factory. Steam, both by its application to the actual manufactures and by its facilitating the carriage of goods from the place of manufacture all over the world, has taken away out of our homes the older work of women, and has thus necessitated a complete rearrangement of their position. Thus it comes about that competition between men and women in the wider world's work has become inevitable. But this is tempered by a comradeship and a mutual comprehension between the sexes above anything that they have known in past times. Women of to-day know men better than ever before—and, of course, is that not to appreciate them more and to love them better?

A pleasant development of comradeship was the Vagabonds' Club dinner to "distinguished literary ladies." Dr. Conan Doyle made a charming speech as chairman, after the tact and grace of the vice-chairmen, Mr. Burgin and Mr. Douglas Sladen, had succeeded in placing the gathering in its proper order. The popular creator of Sherlock Holmes remarked that literature was one profession in which men and women stood on an absolute equality. When fiction in particular was considered the great names that rose to the lips were so many of them

women's that no one could contest the position of the women writers. Nor were they all alike. One might be tempted to speak of their grace and their soothing influence, till one remembered the grim nightmare of "Wuthering Heights." One might think of them as conservative, till rebuked by remembering the many pleas put forth by women of late years for civil and religious liberty. Action he found in Ouida's novels, and humour in those of Mary Wilkins and Rhoda Broughton. But, Dr. Doyle concluded happily, the competition was unfair; for it was well known that a charming heroine made a charming novel, and when a lady novelist desired to draw such a female character she had but to consult her own self to understand all about it, while a poor man could rely on nothing more than memory and imagination! After this pretty touch, the lady novelists naturally purred satisfaction.

Amongst the lady guests at the chairman's table were "George Egerton" (Mrs. Clairemont), Mrs. Flora Annie Steel (the Indian novelist), Miss Mathilde Blind, "Helen Mathers," Mrs. Andrew Dean—a story from whose pen appeared in *The Illustrated London News* recently—and "Annie Swan," who, together with the present writer, replied to the toast of "Our Guests." I wish ladies would understand that etiquette at such dinners requires that, when a group of persons have their health drunk, they should all stand up when the speaker appointed to represent them rises. It adds to the interest of the occasion greatly. I have replied for "The Ladies" at a great many public dinners in my time, and I always invite the other ladies to rise with me; the lady guests of the Vagabonds thus became visible as a body to their hosts, and I am sure it was a mutual satisfaction!

Prosperity ought to be smiling on the Bradford weavers at present, for the shot alpaca and lustre fabrics that are "the last cry" of fashion are chiefly made there. But, apparently, they can do with more, for one of the M.P.s for the borough has made an appeal to the Princess of Wales to purchase some of the products of the town for Princess Maud's trousseau, and in reply the Princess requested that patterns might be sent her, from which she promised to select some dresses. It is the custom of the Princess of Wales to have some Irish poplin and some Scotch tweed dresses supplied to her for herself and her daughters every year, and so to do all that is in her power to promote home industries.

But after all efforts of this kind are made, the fact remains that the conditions of labour will regulate the cost of production, and that this element of price will be the chief factor in making the demand. For instance, the elaborate embroideries in beads and passementeries that are so much worn on our evening dresses at present all come from France. This is not because our costumiers prefer to buy their materials abroad, but simply because the French women workers do their work for less wages and with more natural taste and skill. The embroidering of handkerchiefs has been done in Ireland under much



A FRENCH DRESS OF SPOTTED FOULARD.

the same conditions that the French peasants work—namely, as a home industry, carried on at the hours convenient to the workers, and in their own cottages. I am informed that the result of the recent Factory Acts will be, slowly perhaps, but very surely, to drive this industry, too, over the Channel, unless the Home Secretary will allow the women to continue to work in their own homes and at their own times. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



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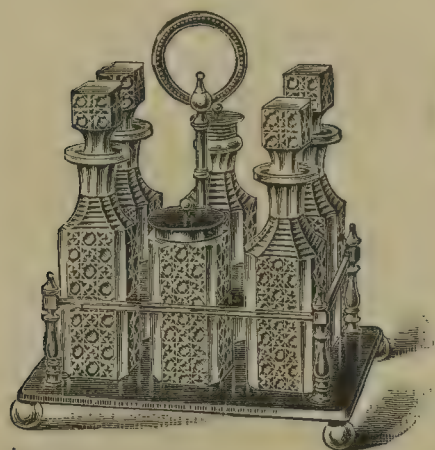
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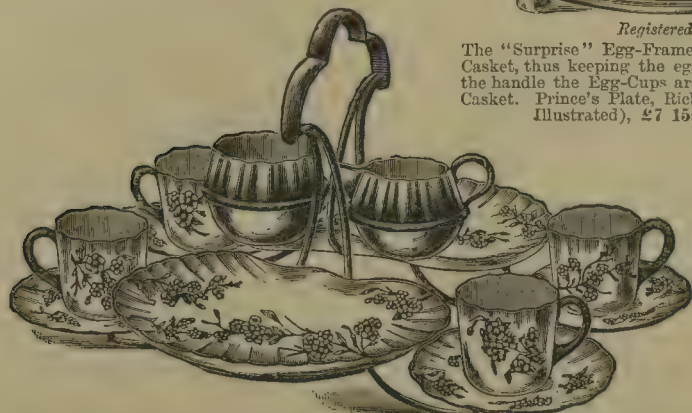
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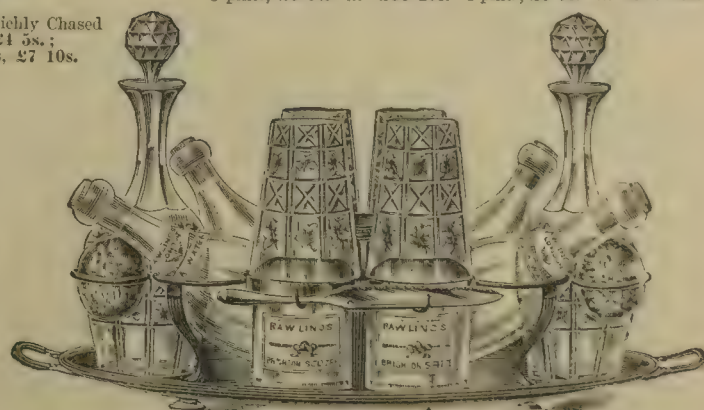
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 4, 1894) of Mr. George Holt, of Sudley, Mossley Hill, Liverpool, a member of the firm of Lamport and Holt, shipowners, who died on April 3, was proved on June 9 at the Liverpool District Registry by Robert Durning Holt, the brother, Richard Durning Holt, the nephew, and George Henry Melly, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £596,684. The testator bequeaths £10,000 each to Richard Durning Holt and George Henry Melly; £1000 each to his brothers Alfred Holt, Philip Henry Holt, and Robert Durning Holt, and to his sisters-in-law Fanny Holt, Anna Holt, and Laurestina Holt; £1000 each to Heywood Bright, Dorothea Bright, Samuel Bright, Sarah Elizabeth Melly, George Melly, Harriette Bright, Anna Maria Weir, and Archibald Weir; £500 each to his executors; £1000 to his wife for distribution among the domestic servants; and legacies to his own and his wife's nephews and nieces. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife, Elizabeth, and his daughter absolutely as joint tenants.

The will (as contained in two paper writings marked A and B, both dated April 25, 1895) of Mr. George Ambrose Wallis, J.P., C.E., of Fairfield Court, Eastbourne, who died on Dec. 20, was proved on June 5 at the Lewes District Registry by William Lumb Wallis, the brother, and George Ellwood, the executors, the gross value of the personal estate being £85,438. The testator gives £500, the use of his house and furniture, and £1200 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Alice Wallis, for life; his farm at Simcoe, Canada, to his son, George Sadler Wallis; any brickfields he may be working at the time of his death, with the plant and machinery, but not the stock of bricks, to his brother, William Lumb Wallis; £100 to his private secretary; and annuities of £100 each to his sister, Louisa Emily Dawson, and to his sisters-in-law, Florence Brann and Julia Belinda Ellwood. During the life of his wife he bequeaths £500 per annum upon trust for his son, George Sadler Wallis; £300 per annum each to his daughters, Annie Louise Wallis, Florence Alice Holman, and Maud Ruth Wallis; and the remaining income of all his property between his wife and daughters. At Mrs. Wallis's death he gives £10,000 upon trust for his said son, George Sadler Wallis, and the residue of his real and personal estate to his daughters in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1888), with two codicils (dated Feb. 20, 1889, and March 25, 1891, of Mr. Charles George Barnett, of King's Beeches, Berks, and formerly a partner in the banking house of Barnett, Hoare, and Co., who died on May 1, was proved on June 9 by Charles Edward Barnett and Francis Carew Charles Barnett, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £69,441. The testator bequeaths £250 to his daughter Jane Elizabeth; £100 to his daughter Alice Marion Thornton; £100 to his brother, Henry Barnett; such a sum as with that receivable under his marriage settlement will make up £11,500 each to his sons Francis Carew Charles and Philip; and such a sum as with that received under the

said settlement and by the will of their mother will make up portions of £17,000 each for his said two daughters. He directs his executors to sell his estate, called King's Beeches, and out of the proceeds thereof he gives one sixth to his son Philip, one sixth to his son Francis, and the remaining four sixths to his son Charles. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son Charles Edward Barnett. Sums advanced to his son Francis in his lifetime are to be brought into account at the distribution of the estate.

The will (dated July 1, 1892), with three codicils (dated April 10 and June 14, 1893, and March 15, 1895), of the Hon. Edward Swynfen Parker-Jervis, of Aston Hall, Staffordshire, who died on Jan. 3, was proved on June 10 by Captain William Robert Parker-Jervis, the son, and Miss Evelyn Beatrice Constance Parker-Jervis, the daughter, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £61,915. The testator charges the Parker estates with an annuity of £500 to be paid to his wife in addition to the £500 per annum she is entitled to thereout under a settlement, and in addition also to the £500 per annum for life she is entitled to, charged on the Aston estates; and he gives to her £1000, and the use during widowhood of Park Hall. Provision has already been made by him for several of his children on their respective marriages, and he now provides portions of £14,000 for his daughter Evelyn Beatrice Constance, and of £12,000 for his son Arthur Ricketts. He gives his freehold chambers in the Albany to his son Charles Edward; and legacies to grandchildren, sister, and other relatives, bailiff, butler, footman, and others. There are numerous specific bequests of plate, pictures, jewellery, furniture, etc., to his wife and children, and many similar articles are made heirlooms to go with the Parker estates. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to all his children in equal shares. The Parker estates he devises to the use of his son William Robert, for life, with remainder to his son William Swynfen Whitehall, for life, with remainder to his first and every other son according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his real estate he devises to trustees, upon trust, first in aid of his residuary personal estate, then to pay £100 per annum to his said daughter, and the capital sum of £12,000 to be divided equally between his sons, Charles Edward, Thomas Swynfen, and Arthur Ricketts; and subject thereto for his son William Robert. The testator's grandson, Edward St. Vincent Parker-Jervis (son of his deceased eldest son, Edward John Parker-Jervis) succeeds under settlement to the Aston estates.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1893) of Mrs. Elizabeth Rundle Charles, author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family," of Combe Edge, Hampstead Heath, widow, who died on March 28, was proved on June 8 by Robert Fletcher Charles, the nephew, Mrs. Mary Lang Hadow, and the Rev. Robert Charles Lewin Reade, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £22,134. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 to John Rundle Charles, Arch-

deacon of Cornwall; £2000 to Robert Fletcher Charles; £500 each to Joseph Charles, Henrietta Charles, and Jane Charles; £2000 to the Rev. Robert Charles Lewin Reade and his wife, Alice; £4000 to Mary Lang Hadow; and legacies to relatives and servants. Her house, Combe Edge, with the furniture therein, the copyright of her books, and the residue of her property, she leaves between Robert Fletcher Charles, Mary Lang Hadow, and the Rev. Robert Charles Lewin Reade.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1894), with a codicil (dated Dec. 17, 1895), of the Rev. Richard Farquhar Wise, Canon of Truro, of Ladock Rectory, Cornwall, who died on April 20, aged eighty, was proved on June 10 by Miss Mary Anne Harriet Wise, the sister, the Rev. Stamford Raffles Flint, the cousin, and Frederick Nalder, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £13,014. The testator bequeaths £250 to the Truro Dispensary; £100 to Bishop Philpotts' Prayer-Book Prize Fund; £100 each to Gertrude and Constance Flint; and numerous legacies and annuities to servants. He gives and devises the advowson of or right of patronage and presentation to the rectory, Ladock, to his sister for life, and then to the Rev. Stamford Raffles Flint; and the farm lands called Forgue and the Bissick Mill, with the lands adjoining, to the said Rev. S. R. Flint. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his sister for life, and then to the Rev. S. R. Flint.

The will of Mrs. Anne Peat, of The Limes, Kedleston Road, Derby, widow of the late William Peat, of the Old Bank, Derby, who died on April 12, was proved on June 3, at the Derby District Registry, by Alpheus Henry Robotham and John Farmer Thirby, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £8345.

The will of Mr. William Harvey Astell, J.P., D.L., of Woodbury Hall, Cambs, and formerly of the Grenadier Guards, who died on April 20 at Calais, was proved on June 15 by the Hon. Elizabeth Maria Astell, the widow, the Hon. John George Prendergast Vereker, and Major Cecil Henry Law, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £6329.

The Bishop of Peterborough is delighted with his visit to Moscow. He has brought with him quite a museum of souvenirs of Russia and Russian society and the coronation. He said he was received with the utmost possible distinction, and everything was done to make his visit memorable and pleasant. He had a private interview with the Czar before the coronation, and describes him as "a charming man of great culture and discernment, who speaks English most fluently. The Czarina is very beautiful." The Czar expressed the greatest friendliness towards England. His Lordship said he knew very little about the catastrophe on the Khodinsky Plain, and, in fact, people in England knew more about it than those in Moscow, as it was kept as quiet as possible. Indeed, it was considered too horrible to speak about.

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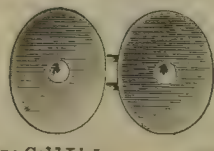
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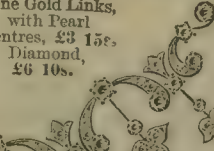
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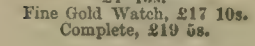
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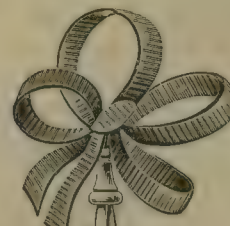
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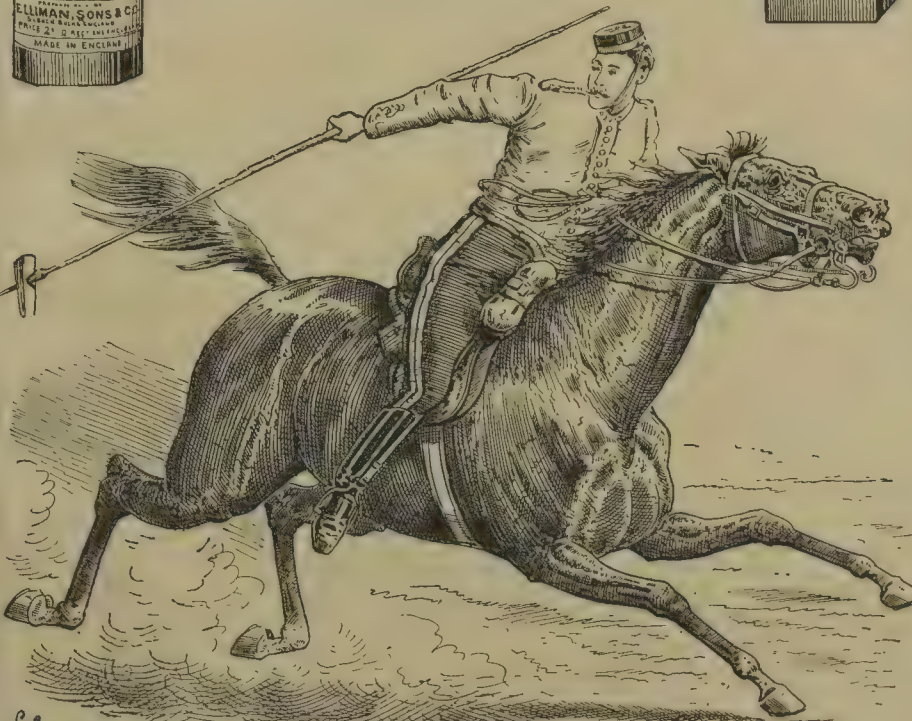
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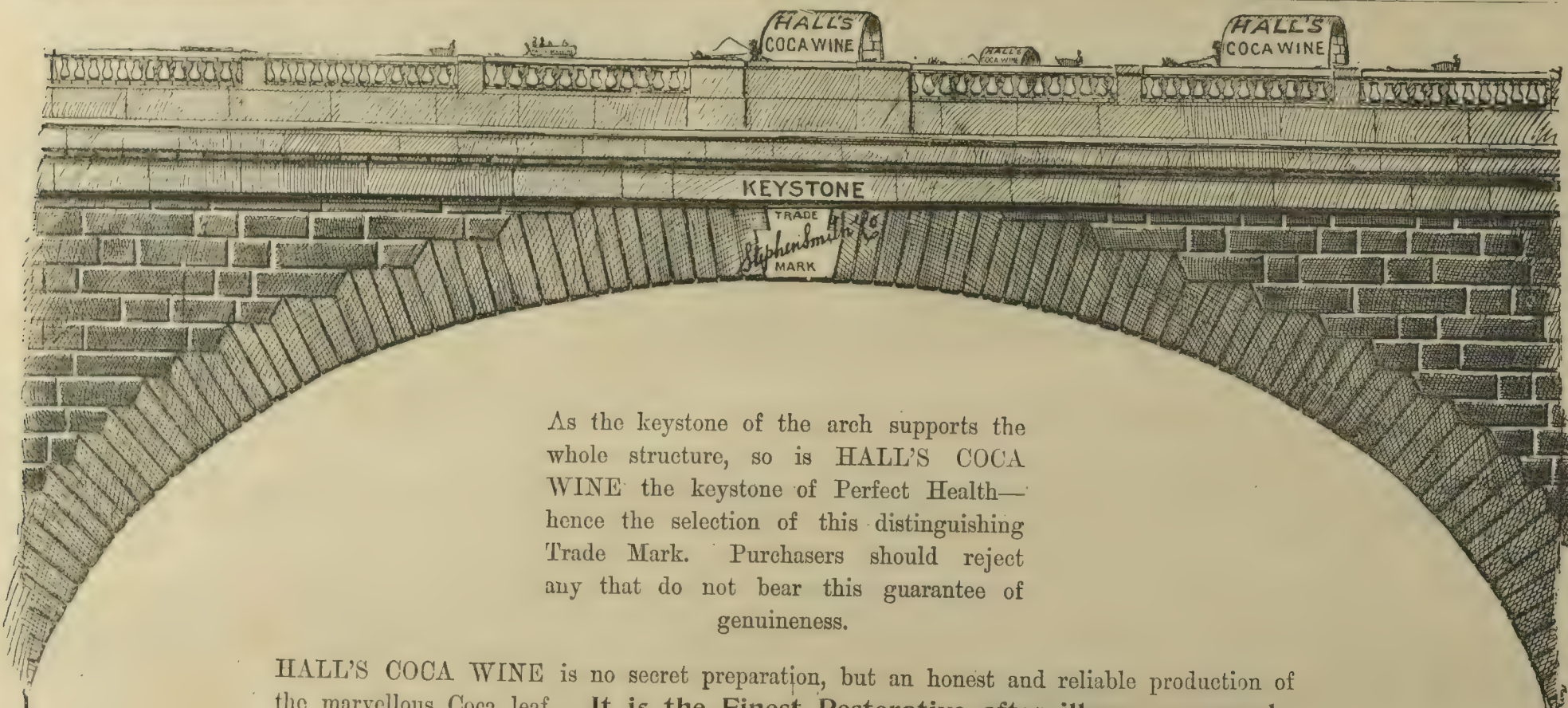
The event of the week is the withdrawal of the Education Bill. Ministers abandoned their original plan of carrying the Bill on to January, and they rejected the proposal of an Autumn Session. There remained no alternative but to drop the measure for this year. Mr. Balfour, in announcing this decision, declared that the Government were pledged to give financial aid to the Voluntary schools. They would redeem this pledge by summoning Parliament in January and introducing a new Bill for the specific purpose. Beyond this no revelation was made, and the story that there will be two Education Bills, one to relieve the Voluntary schools and the other to revive the main proposals of the scheme that is dead, is not yet confirmed. Mr. Balfour made a severe attack on the Opposition, whose strategy, he said, was responsible for the decay of Parliament. The obstruction of the Education Bill was such that, except by resorting to closure by compartments, the Government could not have disposed of all the amendments in Committee in less than forty days. In reply to this challenge, Sir William Harcourt said the Opposition rejoiced in the defeat of the Bill, but could not claim all the credit. They had been assisted by supporters of the Government—by men like Sir John Lubbock, Sir John Kennaway, and Sir Albert Rollit. They had been helped, too, by the growing unpopularity of the Bill in the country—notably by the objection

of the County Councils to the duties which the Government desired to impose upon them. After Sir William Harcourt's speech, the Opposition were anxious to hear Sir John Gorst, but he made no sign, and the debate languished. The Contagious Diseases (Animals) Bill was read a third time, in spite of another protest from Mr. Whiteley. Ministers showed that they were determined to pass the Agricultural Rating Bill this Session, and they are not without hopes that the Irish Land Bill will be on the Statute-book before August 12. In the Upper House Lord Dunraven moved the second reading of the Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, which differs from previous Bills on this subject in the important respect that it is limited to civil marriages. It proposes to sanction marriage with a deceased wife's sister before a registrar, and imposes no obligation on the clergy. It was opposed all the same by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the ground that it would create a breach between the civil law and the law of the Church; but the second reading was carried by a majority of twenty-nine.

M. André Antoine, who has just been appointed Directeur of the Odéon Theatre, may claim to possess one of the most remarkable personalities in the French theatrical world. He founded and managed for some years with considerable success the Théâtre Libre, and from the

first declared himself an ardent advocate of stage realism. In spite of much opposition and unfavourable comment from the older critics, his methods were gradually adopted at all the leading French theatres, including the Théâtre Français. As manager of the Théâtre Libre, M. Antoine was always ready to welcome the work of young and still unknown men, and there is scarce a French dramatist of the younger school, including Lavedan, Méténier, Bonnetain, Descaves, Darzens, Ancy, Hennique, and Porto Riche, who was not first introduced to the play-going public by M. Antoine and his brilliant little company of players. The Théâtre Libre was also from the first loyally supported by many well-known men of letters; de Banville, de Goncourt, Zola, and Bergerat were but a few of those who allowed M. Antoine to stage their work, and out of eighty plays just produced at the Théâtre Libre, thirty-two now belong to the regular repertory of the Théâtre Français, the Odéon, and the Gymnase. Not content with giving French dramatists a unique opportunity of producing their more unconventional work, M. Antoine also introduced, by means of excellent translations, the plays of Ibsen, Hauptmann, Tolstoi, Sudermann, Maeterlinck, and Lindau, to the French public.

Another great scandal in the financier business circles and social life of the capital of Italy has just been revealed by the failure of the Società Immobiliare at Rome, with a deficit of sixteen million lire or francs.



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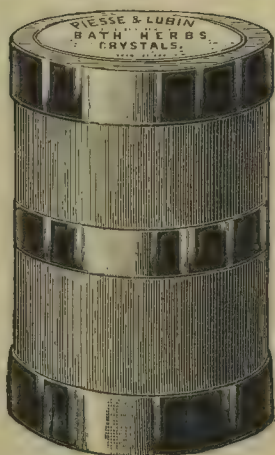
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## ART NOTES.

The annual exhibition held at the Albert Hall under the auspices of the Home Arts and Industries Association should encourage those who have been endeavouring to widen the lives of the working classes, and to revive national handicrafts which were in danger of being extinguished by mechanical contrivances. Not only is the number of affiliated classes increasing every year, but the trades taught and exercised are steadily extending in number and efficiency. The Princess of Wales's Technical School at Sandringham is probably the most comprehensive, inasmuch as it includes wood-carving, forged iron-work, and repoussé metal-work for the boys, spinning and weaving for the girls, besides dressmaking, cookery, and household work. But the primary object of the Sandringham school and others founded on it is to turn out artificers; whereas other centres, like Abbott's Kerswell, in Devonshire, Almonsbury, in Gloucestershire, and especially the Bucks, Beds, Devon, and North Hants Lacemakers, aim at establishing in the cottages themselves industries which will either supplement the earnings from other sources or enable the workers to live altogether on the products. The Lower Birtley Hand-Loom, the Kirkby Lonsdale Wood-Carving, the Ruskin Linen Industry at Keswick, the Heydon basket-making, and the Yattendon copper work are among the most flourishing efforts in this way. And in various parts of Ireland remunerative work is found for willing and dexterous fingers. In London

and the suburbs Stepney and Ratcliff seem to have identified themselves with wood-inlaying. Clerkenwell with wood-carving, and Chelsea with smocking, while at restless Chiswick every sort of industrial art—embroidery, wood-carving, metal-work, bookbinding and leather-work—are carried on within the precincts of the well-known Bedford Park. The most novel addition, and the most noteworthy, is the work of the Della Robbia Pottery, carried on at Birkenhead. The managers have in their combination of artistic refinement and practical aims attained a far higher success than could have been anticipated, and it is not surprising to find the late Lord Leighton, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., Mr. Holman Hunt, and others bearing testimony to the beauty of the objects produced. It should be noticed also that a very creditable attempt is being made to revive the art of enamelling—for which England and Ireland were famous centuries before Limoges—but this art cannot be strictly regarded as a home industry in the more familiar sense. The association, moreover, has an ample field in other directions, and deserves to be encouraged in its efforts to make the lives of the working classes brighter, and their homes more attractive to themselves by fostering home tastes and aptitudes, and reviving handicrafts which are lucrative as well as interesting as expressions of national taste and capability.

The pictures described as "A Pre-Raphaelite Collection," now on view at the Goupil Gallery (Regent Street), although

not fully covering the movement so known, are of great interest to all who wish to learn something of the *Zeit-Geist* in art fifty years ago. The present collection was formed by Mr. Leathart, a North-country manufacturer, who had the courage of his opinions, and was fully justified by the result. Of the original Brotherhood—the limits of which are accurately defined by one of the surviving members—two out of the three are represented, Holman Hunt and Dante Rossetti, the absentee being Millais. Madox-Brown, however, who, although not of the Brotherhood, was called the grandfather of Pre-Raphaelitism, is to be seen in great strength, as are W. H. Deverell, Arthur Hughes, R. B. Martineau, and J. W. Inchbold, who, without being formally enrolled, identified themselves with the movement. From all of these there are several important contributions, showing more or less how thoroughly the adepts acted up to their principles. Still more interesting is it to find that Mr. Leathart's sympathies were wide enough to recognise the merits of other artists, who, perhaps unconsciously, were working by different ways to the same ends as those kept in view by the P.R.B. Foremost among these was Leighton, whose King David seated on the house-roof, his eyes fixed upon the distant hills, will remain one of the most poetically inspired of the late President's work. With Leighton are associated Sir Edward Burne-Jones; Simeon Solomon, poet and painter; William Davis (of Liverpool), a local artist scarcely sufficiently appreciated outside his

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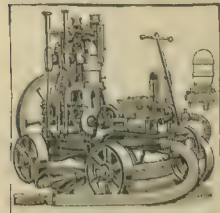
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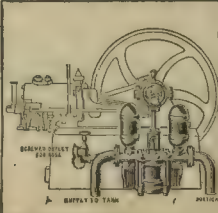
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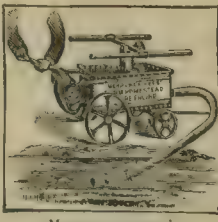
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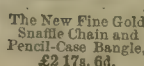
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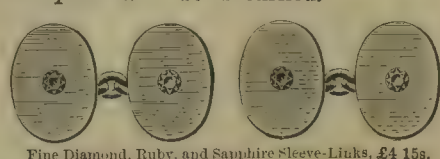


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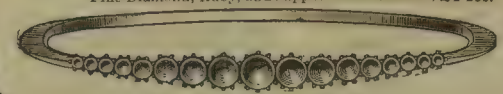
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	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Victoria .. dep.	6.45	10.25	11.35	11.40	1.45	3.55	4.55	7.17	7.25	
London Br. ..	6.45	10.25	11.35	11.40	1.45	3.55	4.55	7.17	7.25	
Portsmouth .. arr.	9.02	12.45	1.10	1.40	2.16	4.23	6.30	6.56	7.38	10.25
Ryde ..	9.55	1.50	1.50	3.0	3.0	5.10	7.45	7.45	8.35	
Sandown ..	10.45	2.29	2.29	..	3.33	5.46	8.14	8.14	9.24	
Shanklin ..	10.51	2.36	2.36	..	3.38	5.52	8.19	8.19	9.30	
Winton ..	11.4	2.50	2.50	3.30	3.50	6.03	8.30	8.30	9.40	
Cowes ..	11.23	3.17	3.17	..	3.55	6.03	8.30	8.30	9.40	

Extra Trains leave Victoria 1 p.m., and London Bridge 2.30 p.m. Saturdays and only.  
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The Eastbourne Tickets are available for return the same or following day, and from Saturday to Monday.  
EVERY SUNDAY Special Fast Trains from London Bridge 9.25 a.m., New Cross 9.30 a.m., Victoria 9.25 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; Clapham Junction 8.15 and 9.35 a.m., Norwood Junction 8.25 and 10 a.m., and East Croydon 8.30 a.m. Returning by certain Evening Trains same day only. For Special Cheap Fares, see Handbills.

**TUNBRIDGE WELLS.**—EVERY WEEK-DAY Cheap Fast Trains from Victoria 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m.; from London Bridge 9.25 a.m.  
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a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
Victoria .. dep. 10.0 8.50	Paris .. dep. 10.0 9.0
London Bridge .. 10.0 9.0	London Bridge, arr. 7.0 7.40
Paris .. arr. 7.0 7.45	Victoria .. .. 7.0 7.50

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own district; Sir Noel Paton, whose earlier works won for him a great reputation at home and abroad; W. Bell Scott, "whom some think a painter, some not," but here seen in his best colours; and Albert Moore, who forsook the paths of religious historical painting for the delights of decorative work. These and others scarcely less interesting are brought together in this collection, which is as attractive as it is instructive.

The President of the Dudley Gallery Art Society, Mr. Walter Severn, has endeavoured in the present summer exhibition to revive the traditions of the old society, which originally held its gatherings at the Egyptian Hall. He has endeavoured to collect around him a number of the younger and more promising members of his profession, and to afford them an opportunity of winning their spurs which does not exist elsewhere. In a very great measure he has been successful, for although there are many works which scarcely rise above the level of the intelligent amateur, there are others which show considerable promise, and a very fair proportion of the space on the walls is allotted to the works of those members of the society. Mr. Walter Severn himself has found in the rocks and

waves of Biarritz some excellent subjects for his facile brush, and he is well supported by members of his own family, Mr. Nigel Severn sending an especially clever rendering of a market-day at Pontorson, and Miss Christiana Severn adapting herself equally to the bright skies of Biarritz or the more mellow charms of the old Bishop's Palace at Wells. Mr. B. J. Donne paints Swiss mountains with a broader touch than most mountaineering artists, and conveys a more impressive sense of this subject; and at the other extreme, Mr. Lexden Pocock can fill a picture with a study of gorse—just spoilt by the over-pinkness of the sky. Mr. D. Robertson's "Clee Hills" (13), Mr. Marshall's "Hurstmonceux Marshes" (17), Mr. E. W. Hereford's "Fracch Isle" (66), Mr. Godfrey Hall's "Windsor Castle" (282), and Miss O'Hara's "Squally Weather" (284) are fairly good specimens of the less ambitious but not least happy work of the contributors. Among the more important pictures may be mentioned Miss Sloane's "Study of a Head" (84), Mr. G. Marks' "Gleaners" (78), Mr. Albert Stevens' "Nesso, Lake Como" (70) and his still larger "Sunset in the Valtellina" (232), Mrs. Mary Stevens' "Summer Time in the Engadine" (296), and Mr. F. J. Aldridge's "Brigantine

Entering Port" (120), in which a sense of motion in the sea-clouds and ship is well sustained.

The Burlington Fine Arts Club is ever giving proof of its readiness to share with the outer world its treasures and its special knowledge. This year an Exhibition of Coloured Chinese Porcelain comes as a fitting supplement to last year's magnificent display of "Blue and White." Some considerable care has been needed in limiting an exhibition of coloured porcelain to the products of China exclusively, for only adepts can separate them from those of Japan, where the genius of imitation, not necessarily fraudulent, was early developed. The present collection contains specimens assigned by their owners to Sung and Ming Dynasties, which extended from the tenth to the seventeenth century. The majority of these specimens are rather curious than beautiful, the beaker (28), with the figures of the sixteen Buddhist divinities, vaguely suggesting "transfer printing" of a comparatively recent period. A perforated cup in white enamel (52), with figures in high relief, and an hexagonal vase of deep green glaze are among the most attractive objects. When we reach the "famille verte" and its successor the "famille rose"

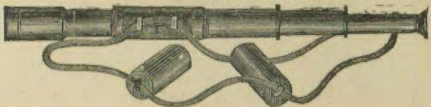
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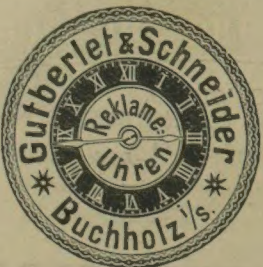
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IT REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL

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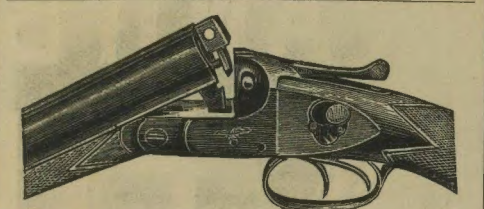
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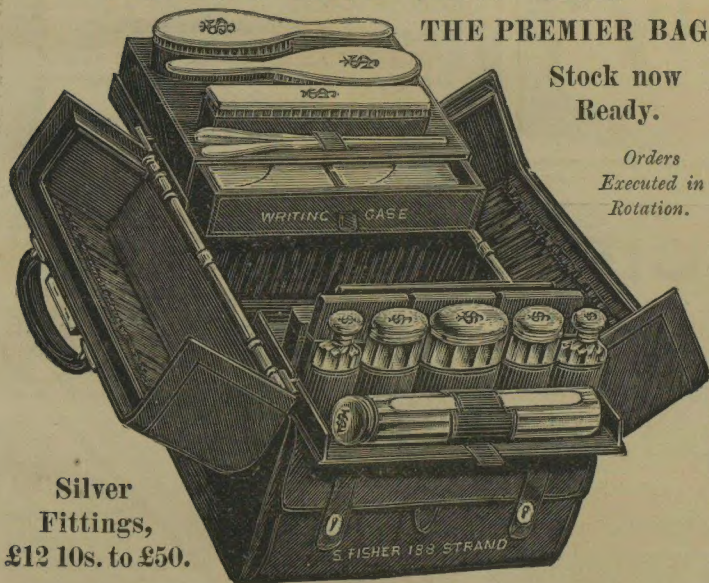
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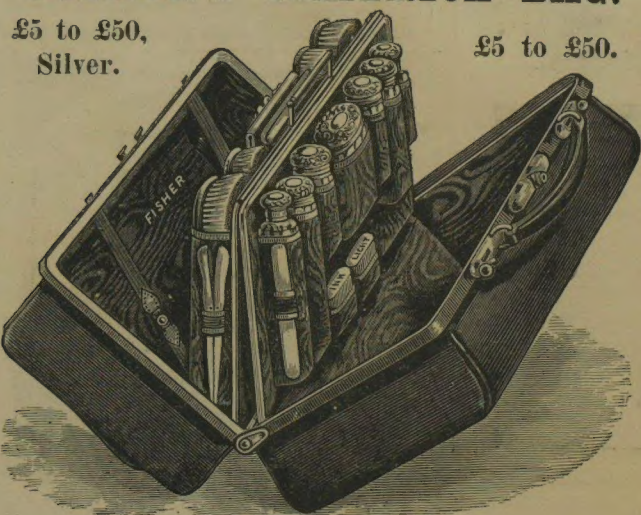
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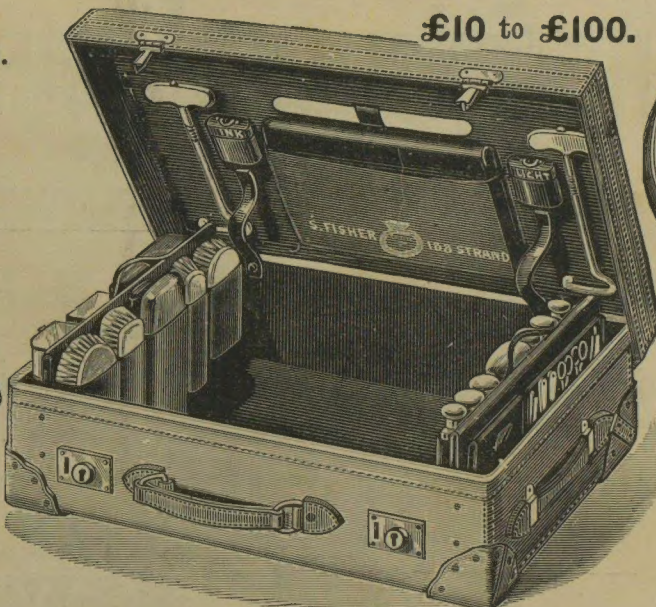
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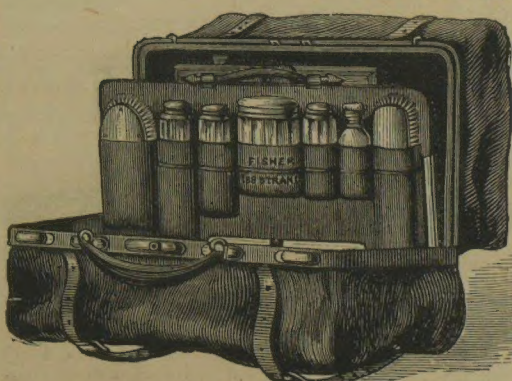


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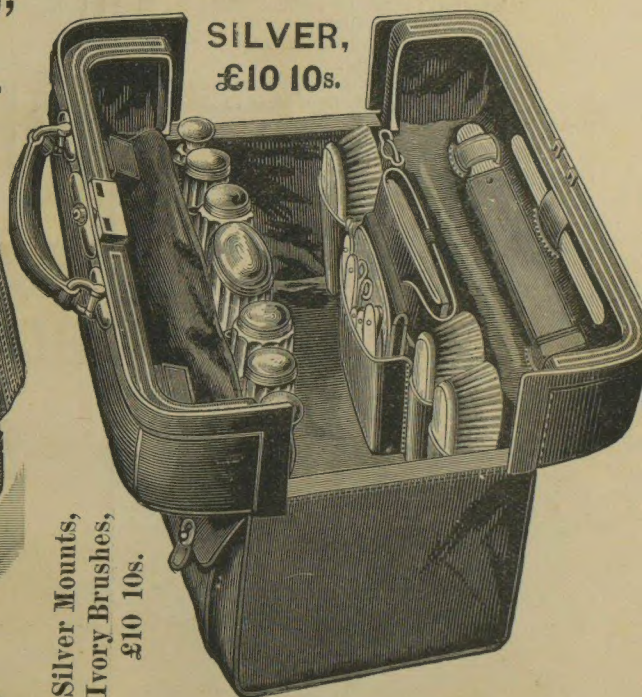
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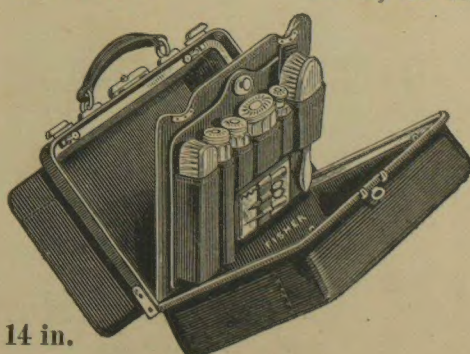
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we feel not only upon surer ground, but in a period when Chinese artists showed greater freedom both of design and colour. The wavy-edged plates (80), painted with dancing boys waving wreaths of lotus, Mr. Huth's oviform jar (85), and Mr. W. J. Stuart's cylindrical jar (98), with men and a tethered horse, are among the gems of the earlier period; while the later work is especially noteworthy from its delicate rendering of flowers and the introduction of *genre* subjects, among which Mr. A. Cock's dish with a garden scene (154), Mr. Willoughby Landon's plates (141), tub-boating and garden scenes, and Sir R. T. Rennie's globular jar (177) with pomegranate decoration, are well deserving of study. A case illustrative of whole-coloured glazes is also a valuable addition to the study of Chinese porcelain, some belonging to a remote antiquity, while others, like the yellow and brown, appear to date from the seventeenth, and black from the eighteenth century. The course of European influence upon the Chinese artists,

through the Dutch on the one hand and the French Jesuits on the other, is also clearly traceable; while a case of small snuff-bottles and such-like articles, chiefly lent by Mr. A. Cock and Mr. M. B. Huish, are as remarkable for their brilliant colour as for their delicately designed subjects.

General Sir William Butler, K.C.B., has been kept busy on the work of "inspection" since the summer weather set in. The parade of the Postmaster-General in the park of Arundel Castle was followed at Chatham by a review of Volunteer forces, including the Boys' Brigade from St. Augustine's College, Ramsgate. With all this work Sir William has found little or no time to devote to the biography of General Sir Pomeroy Colley which he has in hand.

The "Anglo-African Writers' Club" is a new institution which, so far as we remember, bears a title quite unique;

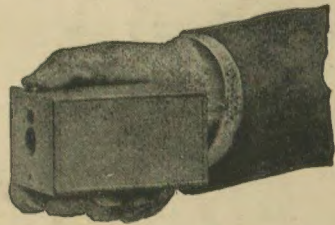
and we suppose it may be useful to journalists and literary gentlemen, some of whom have never travelled beyond Europe, seeking precise statistical information, or an opportunity of comparing the views of different Colonial parties, when they have to write magazine or newspaper articles treating of the Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free State, the South African Republic of the Transvaal, the Rand and Johannesburg, Bechuanaland, Matabililand, and other component parts of a South African world as complex as that of Europe. At the first dinner of this Club, on Friday, the chief guest of honour was Sir David Tennant, the new Agent in London for the Cape Colony, formerly Speaker of the House of Assembly; and the chairman was the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., who spoke earnestly, very wisely and fairly, of the duty of promoting a hearty reconciliation between the Dutch and English races in South Africa. We hope that President Kruger will dine with this club when he comes to London.

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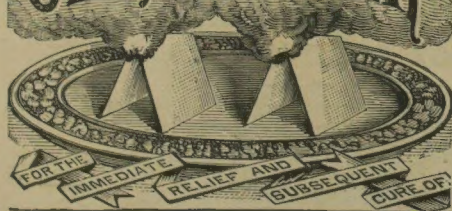
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